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THE FRONT PAGE

THE fat is in the fire. Anti-Asiatic riots have occurred in Vancouver, and property to the value of fifty thousand dollars has been destroyed. Last week, on my return from Vancouver, I had an article on this page discussing what is called "the yellow question," and predicting that it would be "the hottest question that ever burned the hands of Canadian politicians." The statement was made also that the desire in British Columbia was to shift the issue from the provincial to the federal arena—and it has been done with swift violence. The question has been hurled hot and smoking on the doorstep of the Government at Ottawa.

On Saturday evening last a mob of six or seven thousand men in Vancouver stormed the foreign quarters of the city, smashed windows and damaged or destroyed the property of Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo residents. A dozen Japanese were thrown into the harbor, but were rescued. The Chinaman and the Hindoo fled at the approach of the mob. The Jap stood his ground and fought; in one instance with a fury that turned his assailants back. Unarmed, he soon armed himself. Seizing a bottle he smashed the bottom off it, grasped the neck of it as a handle and used the jagged edge of it as a murderous weapon of attack. In all history the mob has ever been as cowardly as it was cruel and unreasoning for while every individual in a riot may be willing to hound and even slay others, no man present feels it to be his particular duty to suffer bloody wounds or embrace sudden death. Each would leave to others the honor of martyrdom. There was this difference, then, between the white rioters in Vancouver and the Japanese who stood at bay: that the latter faced the whole situation and were as willing to drip blood as to spill that of others. A multitude willing to chase those who will fly is not quite ready sometimes to close in death-grips with men who are prepared to die and to kill as they go down. In all our printed records we find that mobs have seldom acquitted themselves creditably, or done anything admirable, or failed to blot even good causes by deeds of excessive cruelty, while the multitudinous cowardice of a mob has often shown itself. The story of the Vancouver riot is not fully told as yet, but no doubt it was the same old mob that has been smashing glass ever since glass was invented—yelling, swearing, throwing missiles and side-stepping pretty fast when armed men barred the way. Let those commend mob violence who desire something other than justice. However, there has been no violence. The fat is in the fire.

SOME significant facts stick up from amidst this affair like finger-posts indicating the direction of events. The first fact to be noted is that the Japs fought, defended their property, spilled and lost blood gamely—just as Anglo-Saxons would have done if so attacked in Japan or China. A pride of race equal to our own compelled them to stand their ground. To carry on the parallel, they will collect damages, and for every dollar's worth of property actually destroyed, they will demand and receive two dollars in compensation—just as Anglo-Saxons under similar circumstances have done in the Orient.

Another point in this connection worth noting is that not only did the Japs fight, but they were present in unusual numbers, hundreds having entered the city during the day from outside points to witness the anti-Asiatic demonstration announced to take place that evening. In other words the Japs were "on." They called in such reserves as they could muster in the time at their disposal. If further riots occur they will be in greater force—for there are thousands of them in the interior—and their resistance will be desperate, well generalised, armed. Hoodlumism, if it attacks again, will arouse a garrison. The Japs swiftly armed themselves and abated no jot of their assurance. Three nights after the riot they were to have held a public parade through the streets of Vancouver, and undaunted by the disturbance, proposed to go on with this and accept whatever trouble it provoked. "It required," says a despatch, "considerable diplomacy on the part of Mayor Bethune to induce the Japanese consul to assist in having the affair called off." They already feel strong enough to care for themselves and are willing to meet trouble half way. These people will joy in a melee that will advance the foreign policy of their race. We see the kind of race we are dealing with—a people who will make good any footing they gain on our Pacific slope.

BUT another aspect of the case is of more pressing consequence to Canada. It will be observed that this riot in Vancouver followed on the heels of the attack made on foreigners at Bellingham, Wash., and that several men from that place were in the city and joined in the disturbance, if they did not incite it. The intemperate language of an orator from Seattle is said to have done much to fire the crowd. To-day Canada and the United States are in the same boat as regards the Japanese. On the Pacific slopes of both countries the Japs have been mobbed, while the central authorities of both countries are trying to square matters with Tokio. In the sight of Tokio Canada has been shifted from the "British" to the "American" attitude.

The point for the Ottawa authorities to consider is that there appears to develop a sympathy on the hottest question of the day between British Columbia and the Pacific Coast states, whilst Eastern Canada is put in the position of seeming to be hostile to the sentiment of British Columbia. There are elements of danger in this situation. The Dominion Government vetoes British Columbia's anti-Asiatic legislation; avowedly does so at the request of the Imperial authorities. Great Britain and Japan are in close, some say in inextricable, alliance. On the other hand the British Columbian reads in the press that the next two powers that may come to blows are the United States and Japan. When feeling runs so high in our Pacific province that it expresses itself in riot, will men not begin to say that British connection is to blame for the yellow and brown evil they hate so much? There is little use in shirking a frank discussion of such a question as this. Men who believe that the making of a white

man's country is the white man's first duty, are apt to admire any flag that stands for white men. As they get their thoughts in order, they will not say as men said in Montreal over half a century ago: "In order to remain English, we are even willing to cease to be British." We are up against a very jagged difficulty. Those British Columbians who bitterly oppose Asiatic immigration, and especially the incoming of Japs, feel that they get no support from Ottawa and need look for none from London. The whole Pacific slope of the continent is reaching an understanding regardless of the international boundary line. British Columbia is a province apart—shut away from the rest of Canada by a range of mountains. She is the one member of the family whom it would be folly to estrange, and her problems should be the special study of Canadian statesmen. She should not be compelled to turn her face to the southward for a comprehension of her difficulties. The whole point lies here: If the Japanese while keeping out of the Pacific Coast states, can pour

and root and till and irrigate mine and fish, with a thoroughness of which the white man is incapable. But these are not the questions. As the races work out their destinies, these are reasons rather for refusing to give these people a foothold. We have got the country, and it is up to us to keep it.

It is up to us to keep it, and it is up to us to respect the judgment of those who live in that country as to how it may be kept. A Japanese ailment may cost us too much—it would cost us too much if it cost us British Columbia as it might if it turned the sympathies of that province south and away from us. We all regard British connection as vital to us, but not more vital to us than British Columbia connection and a seaboard on the Pacific. This will sound like wild talk to those who do not know how wild is much of the talk that one hears in Vancouver. "We must look to the States to withhold the Japanese," one man said to me out there. "Canada doesn't count, and Britain won't do anything."



PREMIER McBRIDE OF B. C. TO LANDLORD LAURIER—"This chap says he is going to make himself at home here. How about it?"

into our Pacific province, the prejudice of British Columbians against these people will presently resolve itself into political discontent. Such being the fact, it is well to state it, and advisable that all should consider it.

THEY tell us now from London that they have been fearing some such outbreak as has occurred. If so, something should have been done to stop that in-pour of brown men at Vancouver that has been aggravating local feeling all summer. They tell us from Ottawa that negotiations were nearly completed, strictly limiting the number of Japanese who could enter Canada from any source in one year. Unfortunately the people on the Coast were convinced that Ottawa was but playing with the question—killing time while the influential railway companies and other large employers were bringing in shipload after shipload of Asiatics. Those who joined in and will excuse the riot in Vancouver will say that only by this act of violence could they bring matters to a head. Mr. R. G. McPherson, M.P. for Vancouver, who has made himself the parliamentary representative of the anti-Asiatic movement was in Montreal this week, warning our public men that this question can be no longer trifled with. "If the Federal Government does not step in," he says, "and put a stop to the already humiliating state of affairs in British Columbia with regard to the present influx of Asiatics, there is going to be another episode like the Boston tea-party." These words from a member of Parliament might better have been uttered in private.

ASIA needs the Pacific slopes of this continent more than Europe does—the yellow and brown races need those slopes for colonizing purposes more than do the white races. Not only so, but the yellow and brown men would more thoroughly cultivate California and British Columbia than white men ever will. They would grub

Canada should count. Canada should restrict the immigration of Japanese to exactly the same extent as is done by the United States from time to time—no more and no less. We should not put ourselves at a disadvantage as regards Coast sentiment. We should keep step with our own continent in this matter, without worrying about the consequences. In not doing this there may be consequences more worth worrying about.

As time goes on Asiatic population will tend to overflow to the Pacific slopes of this continent in obedience to as natural a law as that which causes water to run down hill. Goldwin Smith recently said that while present difficulties may be temporarily patched up, he regards the future as very dark as "before many years there must be a supreme struggle between Europeans and Asiatics for supremacy on the Pacific Coast." He is not alone in so thinking. If such is the probable or possible outlook, why give away points in the game at the outset?

BRITISH COLUMBIA needs labor—let it be white labor imported under contract if need be, but do not flood the province with an Asiatic race we can never assimilate. In our haste to develop let us not bring on our country a brown plague as the Republic in similar haste brought on itself a black one.

IN a lonely spot near the Vancouver cemetery on Tuesday the body of a Chinaman was found hanging to a tree. The body was still warm; from a nearby well had been procured the rope by which the body was suspended. Did the man suicide? Or had he been lynched? It is feared that the unfortunate man was a victim to the outbreak of race hatred. When violence begins to be used, how is it to be limited? Aside from all other considerations, one point the Canadian Government is bound to insist upon and that is that lawlessness shall be suppressed

and punished. No man, black or white, yellow or brown, should be in peril of his life or in danger of losing his property in this white and civilized country. The jails of Vancouver should bulge before the week is out with the men who disgraced the city by acts of violence against the persons and property of foreigners. It may be necessary that Asiatics shall be excluded from Canada but the Asiatic who is in should be in absolute security as to life and property—and being a foreigner there is imposed on our authorities a special obligation to protect him and pursue and punish any who assail him. On this continent there is no danger so greatly to be feared as the tendency to mistake the mob for the people—to allow a yelling multitude in the streets to suspend constitutions, codes, laws, and subvert order for a few tumultuous hours, excusing all this on the ground that the people rule and the people did it. It is not so. It is a ruinous fallacy. The yelling crowd out of its senses, incapable of reflection—is not the people. Such an outbreak needs to be deeply studied by statesmen in order to a certain its causes. But those entrusted with the preservation of the peace have nothing whatever to do with the alleged causes of riot. It is for them to prevent suppress and unsparringly punish riot.

EVERY year thousands of people leave Toronto to take up residence in distant parts of Canada and in foreign countries. To such of these as read this page I have to announce that we have got it at last—the long-looked for bill of Architect Lennox, for superintending the building of the new City Hall. Old ratepayers have been longing to keep alive until this bill came in. Boys have reached manhood, and gone out into the world looking back to their native city curiously for news on the great question: How much does he want? All efforts to get an answer to this question have been unavailing for years and years. A number of mayors long since out of office and at least three of them resting in their graves, entered the chief magistracy pledged to make Architect Lennox sit up and tell the city where it stood on his account books. But none of them succeeded—nothing was accomplished. The situation was one of the strangest that ever happened. Mr. Lennox was architect for the city. In the legal difficulties that followed upon a dispute with a contracting firm, the courts appointed Mr. Lennox to finish the contract, the status and claims of the firm to be determined at the conclusion of the work. It was presently found that the city had to deal not only with Mr. Lennox, the architect but with Mr. Lennox, the appointee of the court. No doubt the former could have been removed from the job; the latter could not. Eight or nine years ago municipal politics seethed with excitement over "the bill" that has but now been presented. People at that time ventured the guess that the bill, unless an understanding could be reached at once, might grow up and reach even a hundred thousand dollars! Eight or nine years ago that seemed a tall figure. Now the bill is in and in all it amounts to \$242,000!

What there may be yet to pay in profits or damages to the contracting firm that was put off the job when the court put Mr. Lennox in his impregnable position nobody knows, and only a big lawsuit can determine the point. In the meantime the sum asked for by Mr. Lennox amounts to nearly ten per cent. on the total cost of the City Hall. It amounts to about one hundred dollars per day for the working days of eight years.

It is a whopper of a bill! It should be put in a glass case and treasured in the City Hall. But it should not be paid—not without a lawsuit so long fought out that every living ratepayer will be grey-headed.

AN Englishman who was emigrated to Canada by the Salvation Army in May, returned home in July with violent grievances against this country. He complains that he was arrested as a vagrant because he declined to accept work at wages which he considered too low. Not only so, but he was treated badly in another respect. He planned a scheme for the modern drainage of a Canadian village, but was told that he was a hundred years before his time. The Salford District Committee has decided, according to a cable despatch, to ask the Salvation Army to investigate the case.

By all means let there be a full enquiry. Is a British workman to be used like this in a British colony? In May he was sent across to this country, his expenses being paid by the Salford District Committee and the Salvation Army; in July he was home again a wronged man. In this country we asked him to work for wages that he despised. Being a stranger here we did not know what his labor was worth; but he knew, and we wouldn't take his word for it. That, bad as it is, is not the worst. The worst is that this man found a village out here that needed draining, and he planned the whole thing, but we wouldn't let him go ahead with it. If this is a British colony, our villages should be compelled to let a man shipped out to us by the Salvation Army, take hold of the waterworks and run things the way they ought to be run. Here was a man willing to teach us a whole lot of things, and we wouldn't let him. The Salford District Committee is quite right. This distressing case needs to be enquired into.

A PECULIAR case is reported from Ontario county. McNulty, landlord of a hotel at Upergrove was brought before two magistrates, tried and fined on the charge of refusing to supply meals to a man and his daughter who demanded admission to the hotel dining-room while a meal was being served. But the circumstances were quite unusual. County Judge McIntyre of Whitby was holding division court in the village that day, and Landlord McNulty gave to the judge and the members of the bar who were attending court exclusive use of the dining-room and required the peasants to "wait" until these professional people had finished. Along came a man and his daughter; they wanted dinner, refused to wait, lodged information, and had the landlord fined. The case is a curious one. Judge McIntyre is credited with saying that he considers it better that the judge and lawyers should have accommodation separate from the other guests, that they usually get it without difficulty, and formerly had meals upstairs at McNulty's tavern, but on this

particular occasion could not get separate accommodation upstairs, and so were placed in the dining-room. The peasants were excluded until the gentry had done.

It may be "better" that a judge should not be seen in the act of eating by those litigants who are to stand in awe of him. It is customary, and no doubt advisable, that county judges should hold themselves pretty well aloof in going about small places holding their petty courts, but it seems quite clear that when a judge and the lawyers on circuit with him cannot get meals served in private, they have no right to appropriate the public dining-room of a tavern, exclude all others, and expose the landlord to a fine for violating the law.

Landlords in rural parts are scared half to death when a county judge comes along to hold division court. A mandarin in China excites about the same commotion. Is there any real reason for it? Why should the keeper of a country tavern save up his finest pullets, rake the township for miles around for vegetables, or hire a man to go twenty miles to catch trout so that he may spread a royal feast when the great ones arrive on division court day? Having lived in a village tavern and seen this for myself, it rangles within me like an unavenged wrong. It was bad enough for the regular boarders in McNulty's tavern at Uptergrove to see boiled chickens carried upstairs in former years while they got hash or corned beef in the dining-room, but it was infinitely worse this year to be excluded from their own dining-room for an hour while such a feast as they had never seen was being partaken of in the old familiar room. Judges have their troubles, no doubt, but any judge who can scare a two dollar meal out of a twenty-five-cent hotel must not think it strange that the regular boarders want to butt in and eat in the same dining-room with him and order "the same" as he gets. The judge who would be truly popular and build up a reputation as a man with a powerful sense of justice would be one who would eat in the regular dining-room at the regular hour and let everybody get a finger in the pie.

A PROPOSAL has been made in Halifax to form an Anti-Profanity League with branches in all parts of Canada—not as a church movement, but as a citizens' movement. The purpose of it would be to discourage the too prevalent use of profanity, by persuasion and protest in most cases, but by instituting prosecutions under the law where there is violent, flagrant and public offence given. The idea would be to make generally known the fact that the man who uses profanity in public places leaves himself liable to a fine of fifty dollars or six months' imprisonment, or both. Young men on street cars and in other public places often force people to listen to language that they would themselves shudder to hear repeated on a phonograph.

MR. J. R. L. STARR'S really excellent report on the recent liquor license enquiry and political pull investigation in Toronto has been kept in cold storage so long that it does not excite anything like as much interest around the table as it would had it been served up when fresh. No doubt that is why it was kept on ice all summer. People soon forget all about a case of that kind—the shortness of the public memory is the despair of those who would bring about reforms.

It is proposed to put licenses throughout the province under care of a central commission of three men, these to have charge of general and local inspectors. The aim would be to take licenses out of politics. But can it be done? Toronto had a License Board which ignored politics—how long did that board last? As a matter of fact liquor selling is a snap—the man buys it most who needs it least, and the profits of sale bear no definite relation to cost of goods or service rendered. The business is so unusual that it cannot be regulated by ordinary means. In the end it will be found necessary to retail liquor through Government dispensaries, thus eliminating profits and hope of gain on the part of individuals. Until then it is in vain to attempt to keep licenses and liquor influences out of politics. The trade has got to keep in politics to keep in business, and politicians have got to wink at it to keep in politics. But it might be a good idea to try a Commission. It would at least put a new shop front on the old stand.

MACK.

On the Mythical "Alaska" Trail.

Editor Saturday Night: It is to be regretted that so well-informed a journal as SATURDAY NIGHT should unwittingly further a contemptible Yankee scheme to suppress Yukon and exalt Alaska.

The article on page 18, 7th September, entitled "On the Alaska Trail" does not refer to Alaska at all, but to Yukon territory, which is Canadian soil. The writer in "Hunters, Trappers and Traders" knew this perfectly well, but it is doubtful if his article would be inserted in a Yankee paper if it was headed "On the Long Yukon Trail."

It is a settled policy on the part of the United States newspaper fraternity, whose ignorance is only equalled by their untruthfulness, to absolutely ignore Yukon, and it is thus that we see despatches in Usonian papers from Yukon territory, changed in the editorial sanctum to read "Whitehorse, Alaska," or "Dawson, Alaska."

The utter absurdity of this can best be shown, when we remember that Alaska is part of United States territory, and yet a Yankee postage stamp is of no value on a letter posted anywhere in Yukon.

I have repeatedly, to Canadian journals, called attention to this depreciation of Yukon interests. This stupid idea of United States newspapers and journals of all kinds was responsible for the fact that for years about three-fourths of the United States letters received at Dawson were addressed to "Dawson, Alaska." In a few cases this was due to pure ignorance, but as the writers of these letters saw that the replies were stamped with Canadian stamps, and were post-marked from Dawson, Yukon, it would require a stretch of imagination to suppose their ignorance accidental; that is if they knew Alaska to be part of the United States.

I once suggested that this little scheme of pretended ignorance could be upset if the Canadian Postmaster-General were to send notice to the United States postal authorities that in future all letters addressed to "Dawson, Alaska," would be forwarded to some post office in Victoria. In the howl that would be raised, the truth would leak out.

In 1898 Faith Fenton suggested to a New York editor that she was going to Yukon (Klondike), not to Alaska, and was informed that he knew that, but it was the settled policy of their papers to acknowledge nothing up north but Alaska. In 1904 I was invited, but not permitted to register at the so-called Alaska show, St. Louis Fair, because I would not register from "Dawson, Alaska."

Yankee editors will persist in saying that their people discovered and developed the Klondike, when in reality



A Crowded Toronto Street Car

How many people will a Toronto street car carry? One conductor tells us that on his car he has carried 180 people, and collected from them 180 fares. That's pretty good. The picture shows a small car doing its best. As a rule passengers are not allowed on the foot-boards at the side—but this car was going to a Rosedale lacrosse match and all rules were suspended.

Robert Henderson of Pictou, N.S., discovered the Klondike, and all the big gold discoveries in the North were made by British subjects, except Nome by a Lapp and Tanana by a Jap. The biggest mining and transportation companies in the Klondike (Yukon) were either British or backed by British gold, except one.

The Canadian Government in Yukon was admitted by the United States senatorial party to be about twenty-five years ahead of the United States Government in Alaska in road building, development, law and order, etc.

The long trail spoken of is the Dominion Government road from Whitehorse to Dawson, about 325 miles long, and much used in winter time.

Kindly do not insert "the" before Yukon in my letter. It is just as well to speak of going into "the Manitoba" or "the Keewatin." No living Klondiker that I know of spells the name with a "y," as Klondyke. Yours

HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 9, 1907.

The Boy at College.

TO bring up strangers' children correctly is a simple matter. We are reminded of it by seeing the following little problem in domestic economy, which, with some variation in the figures, is receiving the earnest consideration of many American households at this time:

Family income for ensuing year \$1,800
Johnny, at college 600
Father, mother, Susie, Willie, at home, per capita 300
Surplus for rainy day ?

Never having seen Johnny we can solve the problem offhand, thus:

"Unless for technical training do not send him to college. Four years of an academic course will add nothing to his earning capacity. When it comes to getting a job he will still have to begin at the bottom. Probably he will have acquired more expensive habits, so that he cannot live on the ten dollars a week that would answer for a youngster just out of the high school. Habituation to pleasant hours on the campus and in the fraternity house will make the office grind and the hall bedroom all the harder for him. Put him to work at once."

But exactly the same mathematical terms applied to Bobby, next door, produce quite another answer. He is such a lusty, likable, sociable youngster. It is so obvious that he would get immense fun out of the free contact with a couple of thousand of his like. Shall he be perched on a high stool, set sadly to mulling over figures, made to keep office hours? Shall he sit very soberly out of sight when Banker Jones' son starts for college?

Well, no. The answer for Bobby is different. He will earn no more for having gone to college; but you, who know what the grind of work is, will foolishly keep him from it a little longer. Excepting among the rich, a college education is mostly a parental indulgence. This fall's enrolment represents a great sum of fond scrimping that will bring no returns in dollars and cents. But we would not have it less.

The simple old philosophy which spared not the rod, but met the youth at the threshold of life with a thick boot, preferably copper-tipped, probably produced great results—among them the slave trade and death penalty for picking pockets. The society which, on principle, brought up its young with a club was equally brutal in other respects.—Saturday Evening Post.

JEAN PAUL says: "The husband should always play the lover by rights. It is impossible to describe the amount of soothing influence which little acts of politeness and innocent flatteries exercise upon just the very people who usually expect and receive none—wives, sisters, relations—and this even when they quite understand what this politeness really amounts to. We ought to be applying this emollient pomade to our rude, rough lips all day long, even if we have only three words to speak—and we should have a similar one for our hands, to soften down their actions. I trust that I shall always keep my resolution never to flatter any woman, not even my own wife, but I know I shall begin to break it four months and a half after my betrothal, and go on breaking it all my life."

A PECULIAR result of the adoption of local option in the two cities of East Liverpool and Wellsburg in Ohio is that petitions are being circulated asking the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railway to run special trains to Steubenville, the nearest liquor town, so that people can go to that place, spend the evening, drink what they like, and get home the same night. Special evening excursions are already run from these dry towns to Pittsburgh, but the distance is too great and the roysterers arrive home as dry as they set out. These evening trips are locally called "whisky excursions."

IT is not surprising, when you set out in cold type the visits King Edward has made to and received from foreign monarchs, that he should have won the title of England's chief ambassador. Here is some account of them. In August, 1901, he met the German Emperor at Potsdam—the occasion ought not, perhaps, to count, for it was the funeral of the Empress Frederick. In September he went to Denmark and Sweden. In 1902 he was the host of the Kaiser, the Shah of Persia, and the King of Portugal. In the next year he met King Carlos at Lisbon, the King of Italy at Rome, and laid the foundation of the entente with M. Loubet at Paris, shortly afterwards entertaining the President in turn. The Khedive and the King and the Queen of

Italy also were visitors to England that year, and King Edward was at Vienna to see his great friend, the Emperor Francis Joseph. In 1904 the King of Portugal brought his Queen to England, and there was also the Akake of Aboukka by way of variety. Abroad the King saw the Danish Sovereign, and Germany and Great Britain were gratified by the meeting at Kiel of the Emperor and His Majesty. This place was chosen by the Emperor himself, a fact not realized by those German journalists who alleged that King Edward was "shirking" a return visit to Berlin. The year 1905 brought about meetings with President Loubet—twice—King George of Greece, and, among the princes, Charles of Denmark and Arisuwaga of Japan. Last year the King met Presidents Loubet and Fallieres, the German Emperor, the Emperor Francis Joseph and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, all of them abroad. Then there was a meeting with Prince George at the Olympic games, as well as the King of Spain. This year His Majesty has twice met King Victor called on King Alfonso, and received Prince Fushimi, and within the last couple of weeks there have been the visits to the Emperor Francis Joseph and the German Emperor.

REV. ORSON E. MALLORY, Baptist clergyman at Worcester, Mass., offended by the Sunday labor that was going on in preparation for the New England Fair, prayed at the morning service on Sunday preceding the Exposition, that rain would descend from heaven as a rebuke and a punishment. Rain fell almost incessantly during the first three days of the Fair, and the management admits a loss of \$6,000 where a profit had been looked for. The preacher is being severely censured for his petition, but he says he prayed for rain, it rained, and he is glad of it.

THE Right Rev. Arthur F. W. Ingram, Lord Bishop of London, who is at present in this country, will be the guest of the Canadian Club at a special luncheon to be held next Monday. Dr. Ingram is known to possess a remarkable store of human sympathy, and herein, it is said, lies the secret of his power and influence.

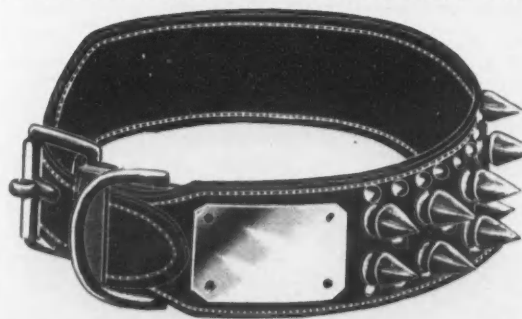
IN this young country we should aim for quality as well as quantity in population. In this connection listen to the voice of American experience speaking through the Washington Star: Our cities love to grow big. They emulate one another in this respect. They watch the decennial census figures with jealous eyes, and woe betide the unhappy enumerator or computer or statistician who blunders in the matter of a sufficient number to cause an apparent change of rank. Every city that has passed the 500,000 point aspires to reach the million mark. Every city with a million at once undertakes to score the two-million point. New York is to-day looking anxiously forward to the day when it will show five million inhabitants. If the municipalities of the United States were to have set up standards of quality rather than those of quantity a few decades ago, there would be less crime to record and punish to-day. Look for a moment at New York, with its population of nearly if not quite 4,000,000, and its foreign born quota of more than one-third the total. Look at its epidemic of crime now raging its state of panic, its inadequate police force, its broken laws of all grades and kinds—in short, its close approach to demoralization. This state of affairs can be traced to the one great evil, quantity. We have been population mad for years. We are beginning to realize our folly.

A MIXED committee, composed of members of both Houses of the British Parliament and all parties therein, is to visit Switzerland this month in order to study the Swiss military system—more especially in its relation to industrial life. They will find that Switzerland has the cheapest army of its size in the world, and, according to experts, the best. It has a fighting force of more than half a million, and the cost is under two millions a year. For no one—with very few exceptions—is paid more than his bare expenses during training. There is no "army set," since everyone is a soldier who is not physically incapable, and even then he has to pay according to his means. The exceptions are the members of the Federal Staff, with the Commander-in-Chief, who is only a General—the only General in Switzerland—and is paid ten dollars a day!

Every youth of twenty becomes a member of the first line—the Auszug. During his first year he must serve for five days, and, being always a young man with an admirable education, that is enough to teach him a good deal of the profession he has begun on the drill ground of his school.

Until he is thirty-two the young Swiss remains in that first line, and must put in sixteen days of training every two years. That is no great strain when patriotism is behind the effort. What does it mean? Well, it means that at this holiday season your Swiss waiter folds his last napkin in the London restaurant (for a week or two) and goes back to pick up his rifle, spending a large part of his holiday in serving his country as well as he has served his customers.

And the rest of the system is carried through with even less strain; for the two classes of reserves have but to put in a few days in every year or two, just to keep their hand in. But the Swiss man supplements his training voluntarily with the rifle club, and you have to travel far and climb high in Switzerland before you are out of earshot of the rifle range for the Swiss keeps his hand in for fear of emergencies. He will welcome the paying guest with the napkin over his arm; but the invader who does not pay will be welcomed with a well-aimed bullet from behind safe cover. And in Switzerland "covers are laid" for several army corps.



Rice Lewis & Son, Limited

Corner Victoria and King Street, Toronto.

Wm. Stitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East

AUTUMN AND WINTER SEASON

Opening of Paris Millinery on September the Ninth

Only the latest novelties in Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Evening Gowns. Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is in charge of an experienced Tailor.

Trousseau, Morning Orders, Gloves, Corsets.

Twenty Years

of floor laying has qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. What we suggest in material or design is the result of long experience, not of theory or second hand knowledge. Write or call for our catalogue of floor designs.

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For men and women are shown in goodly numbeas in our stock and in good quality. Prices run from \$2.00 a plate to \$50.00 in gold, and many new handsome designs are in evidence.

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Lunch at the St. Charles

during the heated months. Go to where you can enjoy a good lunch and keep cool; splendid service. Try the Grill Room.

Ladies and gentlemen will find this a most delightful spot for dinner, before and after the theatre.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. (Sunday included)

Every First Prize

Once More the ability of Dunlop has been proven. Every first prize given in the numerous classes for artistic floral arrangement in open competition at the Industrial Exhibition was won by

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There is nothing too great or small for us to do equally well. Phone, telegraph or letter orders receive careful and prompt attention. Night and Sunday calls—Park 792. Store phones, Main 1424-4790.

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The appearance of your dog is greatly enhanced by the Collar.

Our line of Dog Collars is one of the most complete possible to secure.

Also varied assortment of WHIPS, LEADS, BLANKETS.

In fact, everything that can be required for the kennel.

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Reports on Securities furnished on application. Bonds and Stock bought and sold on Commission.

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LIFE DEPARTMENT
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS share in the PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.

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Railway and Railroad Bonds
yielding from 5 per cent. to 8 per cent. Full information gladly furnished on request.
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The Imperial Trusts
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4% allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and up
% wards, subject to withdrawal by cheque. Pocket Savings Banks may be had on application.
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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

Some Reasons Why

the confidence of the Canadian public in

Mutual Life
ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

was never so great as at present

- (1) Because the Company's record has been clean throughout the 37 years it has been in operation.
- (2) Because its plans of insurance are up-to-date and just what the insuring public requires.
- (3) Because its policyholders are eminently well satisfied with the results realized under their policies.
- (4) Because the general public is beginning to find out the good things the Company has in store for its policyholders, and
- (5) Because, being purely mutual, its policyholders are more than customers—they are co-partners in the Company—sharing equitably in all its benefits.

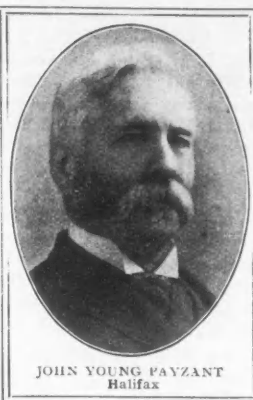
Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, my little five-year-old girl is a great help to me in my housekeeping.
Mrs. Randall—Why, what can such a child do to help?
Mrs. Smith—She goes down and tells the cook for me whenever we're going to have company.—Harper's Bazaar.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



JOHN YOUNG PAYZANT
Halifax

TORONTO, Sept. 12.
WHILE the position of the banks is probably better than a few weeks ago, extreme caution is still the order of the day. Loans on stocks are as difficult to negotiate as ever, as banks are nursing their reserves in anticipation of the crop moving season. The prices of securities, while steady in many cases show no disposition to advance. This kind of speculation is not encouraged, and an immediate prospect of a rise is one of the things not considered at the present time. An upward movement in stocks depends solely upon the money market, which is still averse to such a movement. It is not even a question of values, for they cut no figure these days. This is exemplified in the prices of many stocks and good ones too, both Canadian and United States. Many dividend issues can be bought today which return on the investment from 7 to 12 per cent. These, one would imagine, ought to be very attractive, even if money is worth 7 per cent. Naturally, the prices of these securities rally occasionally, but the advances seem to be only temporary, for they drop again. It is now a common saying that "stocks are cheap, but they are likely to be cheaper." There are several reasons why securities are low, and the chief one is their plentitude. Since the first of the present year the new securities issued by railway and industrial concerns on the other side of the line amount to \$1,657,000,000, as compared with \$1,150,000,000 for the same period last year. Short-time notes amount to \$280,500,000, and new stocks \$681,250,000. Less than \$1,000,000,000 of the amounts authorized has been disposed of. Until a fair proportion of these securities are absorbed it is hardly likely that values of old issues can be maintained. A good deal of discredit is attached to American finance, and it is also this lack of confidence that is playing an important part in values. President Roosevelt and state legislatures are blamed for the discredit attached to American institutions and the lowering of the nation's credit. Still, if the iniquities and pernicious methods of the millionaire classes had not existed, legislation would not have been required to purify business systems. We should not boast too much, but the fact remains that our biggest railway system, the C.P.R., has not suffered to any extent in the lack of its borrowing powers as compared with United States lines. During the latter part of last month the Canadian road sold debenture stock in London at a price which gave it money for less than 4 per cent., whereas many American lines have borrowed in recent months at from 6 to 7 1/2 per cent. This is an example of what good business methods and confidence are doing for the Canadian system at a time when the money markets are so stringent.

The sale of New York City bonds on Tuesday was the feature of the financial market this week. These bonds were under offer about a couple of months ago, but they were unsaleable, and had to be withdrawn. The rate of 4 1/2 per cent. is a big one, the largest that city has offered in many years. The second attempt to sell them has been successful, and they brought 100 1/2 to 101 1/2. It means that the American metropolis, with A1 credit, has to pay 4.45 per cent. per annum for \$40,000,000. It is presumed that the money market is easier than it was a couple of months ago, and very likely it is. But it is understood that some of the large savings banks there took the bulk of the bonds, and it is a first-class investment for them. Call money on Wall Street has been higher this week, with some loans bringing over 6 per cent., or about the same rate as time loans.

A director announces that the Crow's Nest Pass Company is about to make strenuous efforts to increase its output of coal. There were recent rumors that the company was to change its general manager, and that the control had passed into new hands, but these reports were denied. The control, we believe, is still in the hands of J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, where it has been for some years. The present output of the Crow's Nest Pass Co. is about 3,500 tons of coal a day. With the additional capital which has been secured and which forms a transaction quite apart from any sale or purchase of stock in the market, it is intended to increase at the earliest possible date the output to 7,000 tons daily, and ultimately to 10,000 tons. The one object of the company is to increase the coal supply on the Pacific Coast. In this connection it may be pointed out that every dollar spent on development work by either the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, which, according to the reports of the Geological Survey, has possession of a coal area which an output of 10,000 tons a day could not exhaust in six thousand years, or the Granby Smelter Company, is absorbed by and benefits Canadian labor.

There is a plentiful supply of crop rumors concerning the wheat yield in the Canadian Northwest. While railway reports, on the whole, are more favorable than they were a month ago, the prices of wheat this week were the highest of the year. The reports emanating from the wheat pits are at variance with those of the railway companies. The yield no doubt will be much smaller than in 1906, when it was around 90,000,000 bushels. Prices are much higher to-day than a year ago. No. 1 Northern is quoted round \$1.06 at lake ports, as compared with 79c. to 80c. a year ago, an advance of 26c. to 27c. per bushel. Other grains are also much higher this year. Oats, for instance, in Ontario, are 12c. to 15c. per bushel more than a year ago, barley 10c. to 11c. and peas 5c. higher. The comparatively small hay crop accounts for the enhanced value of \$7 to \$8 a ton at present, and bran is \$6 a ton more than a year ago.

The September report of the United States Government which came out on Tuesday, failed to stimulate a demand for American railway shares. U.S. Crops. It was, generally speaking, not a good one. Conditions are worse than a month ago, and the estimated yields of the three crops, wheat, corn and oats, are about 775,000,000 bushels less than was harvested in 1906. Estimates place the yield of corn 450,000,000 bushels less, oats 250,000,000 bushels less, and wheat

75,000,000 bushels below the previous year.

The failures in mercantile and financial business appear to be more numerous than they were.

In Canada during August 112 defaults were reported with liabilities of \$1,496,000, as compared with 88 failures in August last year, with liabilities of \$696,600. In the United States, for August the liabilities of defaulted concerns aggregated more than \$15,000,000, as compared with about \$9,000,000 in August, 1906. In departments other than industrial there was a sharp decrease in liabilities, those of brokerage, insurance and real estate concerns, for instance footing up less than those of August, 1906, while banks and trust companies failing during the month of August had liabilities of about \$2,600,000, or \$5,000,000 less than in August, 1906.

If a referendum were taken in the farming regions of Canada on the question, "What is Canada's greatest need?" the majority call would probably be not for wider markets or cheaper manufactures, but for more women. The "overwhelming preponderance of bachelors" in the new provinces is a cause of universal regret, says the Canadian Gazette. And in the older provinces the need is hardly less general. The Canadian Council of Women declared at Vancouver the other day that "the present difficulty surrounding domestic life in Canada, the impossibility of procuring women-help in housekeeping, causes a situation that threatens entirely to annihilate our homes." The efforts of Mrs. Joyce's organization and the Young Women's Christian Association, of which something is said in another column, are most timely and helpful, but the need far outstrips their resources and capacities. A Moose Jaw correspondent of The Farmers' Advocate has a remedy to propose. Why, he asks, not allow every woman over twenty years of age to enter for a homestead of 160 acres? He says:

"I am well aware that any such proposition would at first be received in a sneering manner by politicians who imagine that it would be beneath their dignity to undertake any such work. They would possibly assert that these women homesteaders would all get married before their three years' homestead duties were performed. This is exactly what is wanted in giving them their homesteads, and I would go further and allow any such homesteader to at once receive patent for her 160 acres as soon as she married. This 160 acres, with the 160 acres which her husband originally homesteaded, would make the 320 acres necessary for a farm. If it were not adjacent to her husband's, it could be disposed of and the land adjacent purchased. The money which the settler endeavors to gather together for years in order to buy 160 acres to make a total of 320 in his farm, and to build a house suitable for his wife, would at once be expended in fitting up the house and home for his wife who entered into partnership with him. The benefit to the whole Northwest, morally, socially, educationally, and spiritually, would be enormous.

"If," adds this writer, "the young men who come from Great Britain could bring their sisters with them and each secure 160 acres, a new immigration movement would take place which would surprise our immigration officials and the Government as well. We hear much of the 'all red line of commerce.' This might well be called the 'all white line of immigration.' If women's associations, religious bodies and the press seriously advocated such a movement, no government could long resist action. The result would be that 'back to the farm, for a home' would soon become the most popular movement in Canada." We should like to know what those actively engaged in women's emigration work think of the suggestion.

FRED HARRISON and a party of explorers have reached Edmonton from the far north, where they have been exploring for the past two years. Speaking of the Anglo-American expedition that left Vancouver last year, he says that he met Stefansson, who is studying Eskimo. The latter reports that the ship used by the Anglo-American expedition, the Duchess of Bedford was frozen in the ice last winter near Flaxman's Island, sixteen miles west of Herschel filled with water, and now only the hull remains. Capt. Mikkelsen and Mr. Liffingwell set out to explore the land supposed to be north, and Mr. Harrison says that the last word he had was that the two men were not back, although ten days overdue, and he fears that they will not be heard of again.

The engagement of Lord Cromer's son to Lord Minto's daughter affords another example of the truth that like will to like. It was only last summer that the houses of those other great Pro-Consuls, Lord Grey and Lord Selborne, became united through the marriage of Lord Howick and Lady Mabel Palmer, says P. T. O. Lord Errington, a clever man of thirty, with all the social graces and wholly delightful manners, is doing well in the diplomatic service, and seems destined to go far, if not so brilliantly far as his famous father. His capacity for hard work is one of his strong points, and he has a genius for making friends. The bride-elect, Lady Ruby Elliot, is somewhere in the neighborhood of her twenty-first birthday, and she resembles her mother and her elder sister in being exceedingly pretty, graceful and winning. She is one of the most perfect examples of a sound mind in a sound body, for she went in for the higher education, and is something of a linguist, while she can bring down a tiger with the most courageous man, and was accounted one of the best skaters in Ottawa. Lady Ruby has seen life in three continents. She once dined with that redoubtable lady the Empress of China.

Money is America's deity. Graft, bribery and perjury prevail on every side. Respectable lawmakers are bought and sold like merchandise. In society actresses are preferred to wives, and the lives of millionaires are sickening." So says Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, the United States millionaire, who once paid \$30,000 to have a rose named after his wife.

BANK OF HAMILTON

The only way to start a Savings Account is to start it. Good Intentions do not bear interest—neither does idle money.

The Bank of Hamilton pays interest at highest current rate, compounded quarterly.
Branches in the City of Toronto:
Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington, 34 Yonge St., Cor. Yonge and Gould, Toronto Junction.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

The Crown Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 7

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office and branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1907.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th September, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 27th August, 1907.

DOMINION EXPRESS CO.

When Sending Money by Mail use

DOMINION EXPRESS CO.

EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

They are absolutely safe, because payment is guaranteed, and if lost, stolen, or delayed in transit, the Express Company will promptly refund the money or issue a new order free of charge.

The Dominion Express Company also issues FOREIGN CHEQUES at current rates, payable in all the commercial countries of the world in the money of the country on which drawn.

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

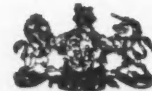
DOMINION EXPRESS CO.

for Tourists and Travelers. The most convenient way to carry funds when traveling anywhere in the world.

DOMINION EXPRESS CO.

The Metropolitan Bank

Capital Paid Up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,183,713.23
Every Department of Banking Conducted with the Utmost Care. Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations Solicited.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
\$1.00 opens an account. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded four times a year.
No Delay in Withdrawal. Satisfaction and Security Guaranteed.



Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

A NY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa at intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Whatever the pessimist may say we have certainly advanced in some respects. A modern young lady who was offered one of Ouida's novels by a librarian the other day refused it with the remark, "Oh, no; her books are so goody-goody."—Punch.

NEW Telephone Directory

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada, Limited

is about to issue

A New Subscribers' Directory

for the City of Toronto and suburbs.

Orders for new connections, changes of street addresses, changes of firm names or for duplicate entries, should be handed in AT ONCE to

K. J. DUNSTAN
Local Manager.

Tenders for a Supply of Flags for Rural Schools

TENDERS, accompanied by samples, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supply of Flags," will be received at the Department of Education, Toronto, up to and including Wednesday, September 25, 1907, for a supply of Flags (Union Jack) for the Rural Schools in the Province of Ontario. Full information concerning the size, quality, etc., of the Flags required can be obtained at the Department of Education, Toronto.

An accepted check on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Education, for five hundred dollars (\$500.00), must accompany each tender as security deposit for the carrying out of the contract. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. W. JAMES,
Secretary Department of Education,
Toronto, 9th September, 1907.
Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Authorized \$10,000,000.00
 Capital Paid-Up \$4,830,000.00
 Rest \$4,830,000.00

Branches in Toronto:

HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET
 AND LEADER LANE
 YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS
 YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS
 KING AND YORK STREETS
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 KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit and credited quarterly.

AGENTS WANTED
Guardian Assurance Co.
 LIMITED
 Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
 Apply Manager, Montreal

CLASPS THE CORSET

No Pins No Belts
 No Buttons No Pads
 No Hooks No Sewing

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HOSE SUPPORTER
 "THE KIND THAT CLASPS"

Absolutely unique
in comfort - giving,
figure - improving,
simplicity.

Sold at all Dry Goods Stores

G. H. WESTWOOD & CO.
 LIMITED
 MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO

ART WEDDING STATIONERY

We felt greatly flattered the other day when a customer in Elmira, N.Y., informed us that our samples of Wedding Stationery were much superior to those received from the best known houses in the United States.

The fact that we receive orders from one end of Canada to the other is an evidence that our productions possess an elegance and richness never before attained.

Every envelope bears the imprint: Ryrie Bros. Ltd., Toronto, which is in itself a sufficient guarantee of quality.

Department of Stationery
RYRIE BROS.
 Limited
 134-138 Yonge Street, Toronto



Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co.
 Limited
 447 Yonge St., Toronto

Social and Personal

INVITATIONS were out early in the week to the marriage of Miss Gladys May Nordheimer, elder daughter of Mr. Albert Nordheimer, and Mr. Bertram Noel Denison, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. The ceremony will take place on October second, at half-past two in St. James' Cathedral, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's father, 97 St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock returned from Europe on Wednesday week and have greatly enjoyed their tour.

Mr. Harris Hees has purchased the Barwick residence, St. George street. Mrs. Hees and her little daughter, who have been on a visit to "Grandmama" Good in New York, are returning home in a short while, and the family will be settled in their new home as soon as it is ready—a couple of weeks or so.

The engagement of Miss Minnie McMurrich, daughter of Mr. George McMurrich, 105 Madison avenue, and Mr. Philip B. Toller, second son of Colonel Frederick Toller, of Ottawa, and manager of the American Bank Note Company, is announced. Miss McMurrich went down to Ottawa for the marriage of Miss Laura Toller, at which happy event the engagement above recorded was announced. Congratulations to the bride and groom of Wednesday were merrily followed by good wishes to the happy fiancée.

The marriage of Dr. D. A. Bonesteel, and Miss Florence M. Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Mitchell, of Ingersoll, will take place this month in Ingersoll.

Rev. Frederick S. Eastman, of St. John's Episcopal Church, Auburn, N.Y., spent the week with his parents in Waverley road.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Anglin, Mrs. John Boulton and Mr. and Miss Bolton, Mr. H. C. Small, Mrs. Crompton, Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mr. and Miss Sproule, Mr. Lorne Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Miss Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, are some Torontonians recently registered at the Royal Muskoka.

Mrs. and the Misses Armstrong left for Annapolis on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Hendry, Balmoral avenue, sailed from Montreal by the Empress of Ireland last week for a two months' tour in Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. Greaves are returning to the capital to reside, having sold their place in St. Catharines. During Colonel Greaves' absence in England, visiting his people, Mr. and Mrs. Bucke, of Ottawa, have been the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Greaves.

On Monday, August 26, the marriage of Mr. Alfred A. McLean, manager of the Bank of Hamilton, at Carleton Place, and Miss Laurel Carbould, second daughter of the late Mr. W. Carbould, of Wingham, took place in St. John's church, Port Arthur. Rev. C. W. Hedley officiating. Mrs. Carbould gave away the bride, whose sister, Miss Greta Carbould, was bridesmaid.

A musician abroad writes me: "I have heard all the best, including the Sheffield Choir and London Symphony Orchestra, under Nikisch, but (and without prejudice) I have not yet heard a chorus which can compare with our own Mendelssohn Choir in virtuosity of performance."

A friend abroad describes the Prinzregentum Theatre at Munich, at which the gala Verdi and Wagner performances are just now on. Among other things, each ticket has a perforated coupon attached, which is a hat and coat check, and its number corresponds with a hook in the cloak room, where one must deposit one's superfluous wraps. There is a fine big "foyer" and supper and dining restaurant at this theatre, for Wagnerites are at one performance for the whole afternoon and evening occasionally.

Mrs. Charles Holmes who has been in Italy with her two daughters for a couple of years, came home this summer on business, and is now visiting Mrs. Chapin in Rosedale. Having leased her residence in D'Arcy street Mrs. Holmes will go abroad almost immediately again.

Sir Daniel and Lady Morris, of Barbados, B. W. I., have been spending some time in town. Sir Daniel has come out as commissioner in the interests of trade between the Indies and Canada. The visitors are en pension at Miss Maynard's, 1015 King street west, and have been entertained by several prominent people. Naturally, Sir Daniel was greatly interested in the Exhibition, at which he and Lady Morris were regular visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Magann are going abroad this fall and Mrs. Magann and the younger children will spend the winter at Caux or some other salubrious spot in Switzerland. The elder sons are going back to the Oratory, Birmingham, to continue their education.

To-day the autumn meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club will open with the usual luncheon given by the president and officials of the club. The Woodbine will be the scene of great gaiety and some excellent racing, if only the weather man be kind.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glackmeyer celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of an ideally happy wedding day, and many affectionate good wishes and congratulations were theirs. They are again settled in their cosy quarters in Parliament Buildings, after the summer vacation.

The following Toronto people were at The Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, last week: Miss Henderson, Miss Violet Henderson and Mr. Henderson, Miss Bland and party, Mr. Charles W. Power, Mr. G. T. Calder and M. J. Calder, Mr. P. A. McGibbon, Mrs. A. R. Denison and Miss Cecil Denison, Miss May Whitehead, Miss Annette Collins and Mr. Collins, Mr. B. H. Cronyn, Mr. A. W. S. Roberts, Mr. H. S. Acres, Mr. M. R. Bissell, Jr., Mr. T. P. McLaughlin, Mr. H. Perley, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hance, Mr. W. H. Vaughan and wife, Mr. T. W. Sothman, Mr. D. H. McDougall, Mr. A. S. Davies, Mr. A. W. Anglin, Mr. R. Millicamp, Mr. W. J. Morrison, Mr. H.

H. Macrae, Mr. Duncan Clark and Miss Marjorie Clark, Mr. T. W. Murphy, Miss Alston, Miss Sprague, Mr. G. H. Cogie, Mr. Gordon Andrews, Mr. C. S. Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mr. G. R. Mickle, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Beardmore, Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Miss M. J. Hunt and Mr. E. H. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray Alexander, Miss Charlotte Gooderham and Miss Marietta Gooderham, Miss V. Gooderham, Mr. Melville Gooderham, Mr. S. C. Snively, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Dr. J. D. Thorburn, Judge F. M. Morson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morton are in town on a long trip from Australia, and are stopping in Cecil street. Mr. Morton is called the "father" of the Massey-Harris interests in Australia. Twenty years or more ago Mr. Morton visited Toronto and purchased a Massey-Harris harvester, remarking to Mr. Massey that there ought to be more of them in Australia. In a very few days a special agent was on his way to the Antipodes, and he built up a splendid business before returning.

The engagement of Miss Nan Nell's Battisby, only daughter of Rev. John R. Battisby, D.D., of St. Andrew's church, Chatham, Ontario, and Mr. Robert Livingstone Brackin, barrister, also of Chatham, is announced. The marriage takes place quietly next month.

This evening the weather being kind, the members of the Toronto Branch of the Dickens Fellowship will give a lawn party at 160 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, from 7.30 to 10 o'clock. Special attractions, some of which promise a good deal of fun, are arranged, and a Dickens museum will prove interesting. The party will be given on the grounds of Mr. W. Harland Smith's place. The annual dinner and election of officers takes place on the evening of October 10.

Last Saturday Mrs. A. F. Nicol gave a birthday party in the shape of an *al fresco* tea and games for her little daughter, Marjorie, at which the following children were present: Aileen Nicoll, Norma Sievert, Gracie and Rennie Horley, Gwendoline and Marjory Grier, Arthur, Frank and Edna Duncan, Blanche, Reginald and Gordon Little, Elma, Gertrude and Reta Hunt, Gladys and Madeline Lye, Annie Allison, Allan and Victor Redway, Harry Copp, Thorold and Sadie Cluff, Gladys and Muriel M. Ligan, Margaret and Charlie Routcliffe, Stanley and Gracie Hunt, Aileen and Norman Blaney, and others. Mrs. Nicol was assisted by Miss Hardy, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Stillwell, and Mrs. Richardson.

The Argonaut fall races and at home are on this afternoon and evening, a joyous event for the young set, and a good deal of attraction to many an older enthusiast. The missing mascot of the Argos, Uncle George Sears, will it is hoped, be on hand. He returned some time ago from his summer sojourn down the St. Lawrence.

To-day His Grace the Primate of Canada and Mrs. Sweetman will give a garden party at Trinity College to welcome the Bishop of London, whose visit to Canada has been of so much interest, from the fame of his devotion and active humanitarianism which evoke reverence and affection from all. Many friends of Trinity will recall the last garden party given to welcome Rt. Rev. Dr. Davidson and Mrs. Davidson, and what a gala day it was. With pleasant weather, the doings in honor of the Bishop of London will be quite as delightful.

The Messrs. Boulton of Crescent road, who have been abroad, returned recently on the Empress of Britain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, of Culloden, have returned from England.

Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, who have been to England to visit Captain and Mrs. Harold Beckford, have returned to Canada, bringing Miss Helen with them, after her lengthy stay abroad.

Miss Ethel Heaven, who has been for nearly two years in Italy, came home some time since. Mrs. Heaven and her daughters are, I believe, contemplating a sojourn of some duration abroad before long. Like most artists, Miss Ethel is enraptured with Italy.

Miss Beatrice Pearson, whose marriage to Mr. Delmar Cavendish takes place next Wednesday will take up house next door to her father's home in Avenue road. Some time since Mr. Pearson acquired the two houses, one of which comes in beautifully for the young couple.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, the Misses Mortimer Clark and Major Macdonald returned on Saturday from a very pleasant trip to Cobalt and Temagami.

While only a few formal entertainments are ever on the tapis at this season, there is a great deal of what one might call spontaneous hospitality, principally at the country clubs, where golfers are often decided to remain and dine and enjoy the evening on an informal invitation. Motoring parties also often find themselves far from home and mother, and hungry as hunters, and there are jolly dinners for them at club or country hostelry. And also, the tide of visitors from the old land makes an impromptu banquet or informal luncheon obligatory. Entertaining of this description has gathered gay groups continually, and there are several more pleasant affairs on during the races.

Mrs. Sydney Small gave a teatlet in honor of some English visitors at her charming home in Walmer road at mid-week. As ever she was a most winning hostess.

People have been rushing to the theatres with unusual enthusiasm this week. A charming little thing at the Alexandra, a bit of racy college life at the Princess, and every seat taken at the merry vaudeville in Yonge street has been the week's story. The Alexandra has offered it's most fastidious patrons a very dainty evening's fare.

Judge Morson has returned from a holiday trip in the Maritime Provinces.

Almost all of the Muskoka contingent have returned, or are packing up to do so. This is generally the most delightful time of year there, and the happy minority who have neither children and school or business of their own to bring them back are lingering in the charming lake district for another fortnight.

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Disasters in Canada

The List of Calamities During Recent Years is a Long and Terrible One

WHEN the Quebec bridge disaster was followed closely by the calamitous railway wreck at the Horseshoe curve on the C. P. R. near Caledon Mountain, a remark commonly heard on the street was: "I wonder what the third tragedy will be." Many had for the moment actually forgotten the collapse of the store building in London, a tragic occurrence ranking as a great disaster, which had shocked the whole country less than two months before. This seems to bear out the following comment from the Toronto Mail and Empire, in a special article on the subject:

It seems reasonable to assume, at this date, that none of these terrible accidents fall into the category of unavoidable events. Human callousness or human carelessness was responsible for some links in the chain of destruction; and hence we are very properly warned against the spirit of the times to sacrifice everything to speed, a word which is in this connection something more than a rhyme for greed.

Nevertheless, it is within the power of thousands of citizens to recollect earlier disasters, not less calamitous than those of the present summer, and everyone whose memory carries him back so far will testify to the fact that a calamity which a generation ago would have convulsed the country now provokes but perfunctory interest. We are becoming blasé, and are able to bear with great composure news of catastrophes that do not personally concern us. In a month from now, many of us will be unable to remember whether it was the bridge over the Tay or over the St. Lawrence that suddenly crashed to annihilation. Other horrors, here or elsewhere, will have crowded the incident aside, to be displaced in their turn.

For many years the horror of the Desjardins Canal tragedy of 1856 lingered in the public mind, and this calamity still ranks with the most terrible of Canadian railroad disasters. Seventy lives were lost by a train from Toronto to Hamilton plunging through an open drawbridge. Eight years later ninety people were killed at Beloeil, Quebec, where the bridge had been drawn aside for the passage of some boats, just at the moment a train dashed up to the gap. In 1850, as recalled by the Montreal Gazette, the boiler of a ferryboat plying between Montreal and Longueuil exploded, killing thirty-five persons and injuring many more.

Another heartrending tragedy was the destruction of the steamboat Montreal.

In 1898 occurred the Cornwall bridge disaster, which had some features in common with the Quebec tragedy, although the loss of life was not so great.

An accident for which it would be more difficult to hold human negligence responsible than in the cases mentioned was the breaking away of a large portion of the Citadel rock at Quebec, some eighteen years ago. September rains had loosened the earth about the mass of rock, and without a moment's warning it broke away, and rolled down the declivity, overwhelming the houses in its path, and crushing to death forty persons. The Mimico train disaster was much nearer home, and made an ineffaceable mark on the minds of the thousands of Toronto people who remembered it. There was also the terrible Queen's Birthday disaster of an excursion steamer at London a few years ago. The Hochelaga school horror touched the hearts of thousands grown accustomed to the daily chronicle of battle, murder and sudden death which it is the province of the newspaper to report.

All these disasters have occurred in the past half century, and they form a truly awful record of destruction, and suffering. Calamities of still greater scope could be included by going back still further in our history. There were the New Brunswick fire of 1825, the Quebec fires of 1845 and 1846, the Montreal fires of 1765, and 1803, 1852 and 1876; the St. John fire of the following year. There was also the wreck of the Atlantic in 1873, when 350 people were lost, the record in point of number of fatalities among Canadian accidents.

"England hasn't had a war for some time."

"No, they don't dare. They're afraid Alfred Austin might write an ode about it."—Life.

If dreams came true there would be a great reform in diet, remarks New York Life.

The New House of Commons

The Change That Has Been Brought About in the British Parliament by the Labor Party

T. P. O'CONNOR, writing in P.T.O. regarding the British House of Commons as it is to-day, says:

How things are changed; how topsy turvy they have become down at Westminster! Perhaps it is the change in the kind of summer we are having; more likely it is the extraordinary difference between this House of Commons and any other; but the end of these parliamentary sessions now is quite different from what it used to be in the olden days. I remember that the moment the last days of July and the first days of August came the House of Commons could not be kept together. The minister might be as powerful and as popular as Mr. Gladstone; the majority might be as large as a hundred; the measures which demanded passing might be as important, or more important, than any that at present engage the attention of the House of Commons; it was all the same; the House of Commons could not be kept in being. This was the time when the blazing sun made everybody restive and long for seaside or country air; and men began to show that jaded look which always comes to those who have remained too long in the air of the town and too closely to work. There were a few ultra-Radicals—pestilent fellows as they were considered by the squires with their grouse moors and the capitalists with their yachts—who had no amusements and no recreations; and who, therefore, were quite willing to remain in the House of Commons till Doomsday, if necessary; but they were the exceptions. The majority of members were dying to get out of London and as far as possible from Westminster; and they could not be kept. The result was that things were huddled up at the end in the most hurried fashion and nobody seemed to mind much what was going on. Men lolled or dozed or stole away; the House of Commons became the merest ghost of a real, substantial flesh and blood assembly.

But if you were to go down to Westminster now, you would find everything in full swing just as if the session were beginning and not ending. Never, in fact, have I seen the House of Commons so busy as this is at the present moment.

Dizzy used to be such a stickler for this constant attendance in the House of the members of the Government that in his day very few Ministers ever dared to go out to dinner, and I have heard it said that the young Minister who appeared in evening dress on the Treasury Bench had a black mark recorded against him in the opinion of his omnipotent chief. I have repeated more than once, I think, in these columns the story of the advice that Dizzy gave to a young parliamentarian who asked what he had to do that he might be saved—in the parliamentary sense of course, "Be always in your seat, except when you are in the Library reading 'Hansard's Debates,'" was the reply of Dizzy. It is a counsel the wisdom of which has been brought home to my mind more strongly every day that I have been in the House of Commons; it is the counsel which I give to every young Parliamentarian. The following of that counsel accounts for and justifies the success which many men have attained in the House of Commons over competitors quite as able, but not quite as industrious. Anyhow, the tradition still lives that every minister must be about the House of Commons and in call of the Whips during all the hours the House is sitting.

The proceedings in the Grand Committee had gone on for an hour or so when up turned Lord Robert Cecil. He also was one of the members who were interested in this question of the Convent Laundries, and he came to speak and to vote. Usually as careless as every other Cecil I have ever seen—except Mr. Balfour—about his clothes, he seemed to me on this particular morning to have got himself up with great care; he looked as if he had just left the barber's shop, which is one of the many innovations and additional comforts that have been brought into the House of Commons since the day when I noticed it. He remained in the Grand Committee for hours, and do you realize what hour he went to bed at? It must have been at least half-past six, for he was making a speech just as Big Ben was tolling forth six o'clock in the morning, giving to the Bill for Marriage with the Deceased Wife's Sister a parting kick.

The next day I met my friend Rufus Isaacs, the celebrated advocate. He—apart altogether from his brilliant success—is one of the most interesting and charming men in the House of Commons. Imagine a man thin almost to transparency, with a face, long, thin, somewhat colorless; and looking from out this background—suggesting the worn out frame and face of the man of long night vigils—imagine two large, beautifully shaped, and brilliant dark eyes; add a mouth and nose exquisitely chiselled, and an air of distinction, refinement, and the asceticism of the man whose soul has consumed his body, and you have an idea of what Rufus Isaacs looks like. It is no wonder he should look worn. At five o'clock every morning while the law courts are sitting this brilliant man is at his desk, and in the midst of his law papers. I am told that he makes a huge income; but I often ask myself about him and men like him: Is it worth it all when the income has to be purchased at such cruel sacrifice of leisure and comfort? However, there he is; and now to his labors at the bar he has added those of a hard-working member of Parliament; with this result, that he sat, like Lord Robert Cecil, in a Grand Committee during the day; that he then, again like Lord Robert Cecil, remained up till six o'clock in the morning—supporting, however, instead of opposing, the Deceased Wife's Sister; and that, even after this terrible strain, he was back again that very same day at half-past ten in the morning in the House of Com-

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mons discussing the clauses of the Companies Bill with Mr. Lloyd George, who is responsible for that important measure.

It is a killing kind of life that many representatives in Parliament are leading during these last weeks of the parliamentary session. If you ask me why it is that you have such feverish activity, I have to say that it is largely due to that entirely new factor which has been introduced into our parliamentary system by the growth of the Labor party. These men, in their pot hats, their sack coats, their faded red ties, their general air of proud and high-minded poverty, have brought to the House of Commons a strange new draught of fresh and vital air; coming from the blast furnace, from the dark depths of the mine, from the dockside, have infused a spirit of reality and of close contact with the masses of the nation which is entirely different from anything I saw in the first House of Commons I knew.

The House of Commons, like all bodies accustomed to meet together, is curiously influenced and quickly affected by the action of its component parts. A French writer, who has been publishing a very interesting book on the psychology of The Crowd, ought to come to the House of Commons for some very extraordinary specimens of that spirit. I have often seen a whole debate collapse because one member did not have the courage to

rise and start or continue it; and in the same way I have seen a debate go on for hours because one member said just a few sentences at the proper moment. If one section of the House became active, it would not be long till the other section of the House would follow the example. And so the feverish and unrelaxed activity you see in the House of Commons today, when even already there is a premonitory autumn chill in the air, is largely the creation and offspring of the activity brought into the assembly by the Labor party.

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Sir Launcelot—"My faith, a most sour-vizaged waitress this!" Sir Galahad—"Nay, speak more softly of the damsel, knight. Who can deny that she is passing fare?"—Kansas City Star.

Hops—"The country is in a very unsettled condition. Scuttle—Yes, and I hear that they're brewing more trouble in Milwaukee."—Cornell Widow.



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LXIX.



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Social and Personal

THE president of Toronto University, Dr. Falconer, and Mrs. Falconer are at Iver Holm, 74 St. George street, for the present. Dr. Falconer has left a delightful home in Halifax, his residence on the northwest arm being perfectly situated and very convenient to his duties, in the prettiest residential district of Halifax.

Mr. Bertram Denison has leased Mr. McCulloch's house in Roxboro street, recently occupied by Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch are going abroad.

Next Wednesday the marriage of Miss Gladys Irwin, daughter of Colonel Irwin, of Ottawa, and Captain Alan Palmer, R.C.A., will be celebrated in Grace church, Ottawa.

Mrs. Tom Delamere is still at the family's summer residence on Lake Simcoe. Two of her daughters returned to Toronto this week.

One day last week a merry four-in-hand party was made up by Mrs. Alec Ireland to visit the Exhibition and enjoyed it immensely. Mr. and Mrs. Ireland are bringing out their daughter this season, and one hears very nice things being said of the debutante-elect.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry Grasett Baldwin have been visiting relatives in Canada, since coming over from Italy. Mr. Baldwin was many years ago the rector of Ascension church, Richmond street.

Talking of Ascension church recalls a pleasant chat I enjoyed in July with Rev. G. Kuhring, in St. John, N. B. Mr. Kuhring is rector of the Stone church, familiar to many members of St. James' Cathedral, as the charge of Rev. Mr. De Soyres, on whose decease Mr. Kuhring received his appointment, and left Ascension church to accept it. One heard many conflicting accounts of the late rector of the Stone church at the time his name was under consideration as possible rector of St. James' Cathedral, but only the most beautiful tribute to his learning, worth and general excellence was to be heard in St. John this summer. We seem to have rarely missed getting an unusually gifted and cultured man.

Miss Annie R. Proctor is in town en route to New York, where she goes next week, after a very pleasant vacation at Peake's Island, Maine.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Mabel Bates, of Oshawa, and Mr. William Haywood Hewitt, of Kingston, is announced, and their marriage will take place this month.

Dr. and Mrs. Marlow are at 683 Spadina avenue until their new house, 417 Bloor street west, is completed.

Major and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, who have been at the Alexandra, have taken a house in Brunswick avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. John Meredith, also dwellers at the Alexandra, have taken a house in Avenue road.

Coadjutor-Bishop Reeve and Mrs. Reeve have taken an apartment at the Alexandra.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Williams and their family are coming back to Toronto to reside and have taken a house in Lansdowne avenue.

Mr. Scott-Harden is away with a survey party at Waterloo, Quebec. Professor Laing will be back from abroad on the first of October.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel are still at Brackley Beach, Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Lizars Smith has returned from Gravenhurst. Mrs. and Miss Meta Macbeth are expected home to-morrow. The Misses Livingstone have returned to the Alexandra.

Mr. B. S. McInnes has taken an apartment at the Alexandra.

The autumn brides are numerous. Among those well known and admired are Miss Mary Osler, of Craigleith, and Miss Cecil Nordheimer, of Glenedyth. Miss Osler's marriage to Mr. George Sutton Gibbons, son of Mr. George Christie Gibbons, of London, Ontario, takes place next Wednesday week, Sept. 25, in St. Simon's church,

Howard street, at three o'clock. Miss Cecil Nordheimer's marriage to Mr. Charles Cambie will, I believe, be an event of October. The extreme daintiness of the various bridal trousseaux and the charms of the fair young brides are of particular moment, and there are several others not yet decided upon exact dates, but to be wedded some time this autumn. Some very exquisite gifts have been selected for these happy brides-elect, one of whom will leave Toronto to reside in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarvis have removed to Chicago. This very charming young couple are so popular that sincere regrets follow them to the new home. The demands of Mr. Jarvis' business necessitates their residence in the West.

Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum returned from London last week, where they have been spending the summer with Mrs. Waterman. Mrs. Cattermole, Sr., suffered a severe shock from a fall recently, which for a lady of over eighty is quite serious. She is with her daughter, Mrs. Waterman, at the Tecumseh House, in London, and later on will probably come to Toronto with her for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, of Erneleigh, are still at their Muskoka place, Chief's Island, Lake Joseph, and have their daughter, Miss Alley, with them on a visit.

Mrs. Goulding and Mr. and Mrs. Byford are enjoying a visit in Muskoka.

Captain des Voeux has gone to England.

Mrs. Mabey was up this week for a few days from Port Rowan, but returned to complete the improvements to the summer residence in that town. Mr. Justice Mabey has certainly made "the wilderness blossom as a rose" at his new city home in Scarth road, than which none can boast a prettier or better kept lawn and garden.

Mrs. Stephen M. Jarvis returned to Toronto on Wednesday.

Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, of Ottawa, was for a few days the guest of Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon in Beverley street and left for Ottawa on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harris, of Brantford, were in town for a few days this week. Mrs. Harris being busy shopping for her young daughter, who has resumed her studies at Haverhill. During the sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Harris abroad the latter suffered the loss of her father, who died in England. The travellers returned home a short time ago.

A private car leaves the Queen's Hotel to-day at 12.30 to convey the invited guests of the Ontario Jockey Club to the President and Directors' luncheon at the Woodbine.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald are back from Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they have, as ever, been the soul of hospitality at their pretty summer cottage during the season.

Miss Mary Osler, of Craigleith, has returned from a visit to Mrs. George Christie Gibbons, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Macdonald will shortly take up house in Avenue road.

Mr. C. V. M. Temple and his family are home from Muskoka.

Colonel and Mrs. T. D. B. Evans, of Winnipeg, were in town this week, and stopping at the King Edward.

Zion Presbyterian church, Brantford, was crowded with a large and fashionable assembly on Wednesday, to witness the marriage of Miss Annie Paterson, only daughter of Hon. William Paterson, and Morley Branscombe, M.D., of Picton. Rev. W. A. J. Martin officiated. The marriage took place from the home of the bride's brother, Mr. W. F. Paterson, where the reception and dejeuner were held. Mr. Norman F. Wilson, M.P., was best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen Cockshutt and Miss Kate Marquis, of Brantford. Miss Jessie McAllister, of Hamilton and Miss Nora Shennstone, of Toronto. I hear that Lady Laurier came on from Ottawa for the wedding.

Miss Florrie Heward has gone up to Birch Point Muskoka, on a visit to Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn.

The forgetfulness of excited bridegrooms is well known, and only for the faithful best man many a catastrophe would happen. Everyone "in the know" recalls the bridegroom of last season, who, going gaily on his way to the "halter," was asked by his best man: "Where have you put the license?" and gasped out his confession that he'd quite forgotten to procure it. The way that carriage careered down town and the way the Issuer of Marriage Licenses got busy, and the John Gilpin ride back, are subjects of mirth to this day. And, wonderful to state, they were at the church on time. Sometimes the best man gets rattled, as on one occasion, when, at the fateful moment, he whispered to the clergyman: "Say, can you wait a second? I've left the ring in my overcoat pocket!" and scuttled off to the vestry to hunt it up. This, however, isn't so dreadful as the case of the best man who let the ring fall and roll into the hot air register; not a circumstance to the awful contempts of the nervous wretch who put the ring in his mouth and with a gasp, swallowed it. But with the scent of orange blossoms so strong in the air let us not dwell upon these fearsome mishaps!

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell are returning to town very soon. Mrs. Bell has been down the St. Lawrence for the summer, where Mr. Bell joined her, after breaking camp at Petewawa.

Dr. Fortin, who has been for some years practising at Bell Island, Newfoundland, the famous iron mining district, has been experimenting for years for a remedy and preventative of mal-de-mer. His old Toronto fellow students will be interested in knowing that he has succeeded in locating the nerve which throws one's interior out of balance, and providing a soothing dose for that inconsiderate nerve. Two little capsules and you're safe! We had several opportunities of testing the remedy this summer, and so far as an outsider could judge, it worked like a charm. Dr. Fortin is a son of Archdeacon Fortin, of Winnipeg.

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Is Marriage Too Expensive?

Mrs. Flora Anna Steel, a Distinguished Novelist, has Some Interesting Things to Say on this Question.

EVERYONE knows Mrs. Flora Anna Steel, the distinguished novelist and woman of letters. Her books are read and enjoyed by all the world and his wife, and if Mrs. Steel now directs her attention to the eternal and ever-present marriage question she may be assured of the whole of her usual audience.

In the columns of the London Daily Express, Mrs. Steel propounds the question: "Is Marriage Too Expensive?" and she answers it in the affirmative. It is now one of the luxuries rather than the necessities of life, and although it does not appear in the Dingley tariff and has never yet been cornered by a corporation, its cost increases and "swells wisely," like Mr. Weller's mother-in-law.

Mrs. Steel takes the matter seriously. She says: "Behind, therefore, such trivial questions as 'Do men propose less or women refuse more, and if so, why so?' lies an infinitely deeper problem as to why that duty to the race which has been an overwhelming factor in the growth of all nations, should have deserted the majority of English men and English women." Why, indeed? Of course it is the man's fault, and Mrs. Steel finds little difficulty in reversing a verdict which, since Edenic days has placed upon woman the responsibility for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

"I say the majority, since undoubtedly a small but increasing minority exists, especially among women, which is positively held back from marriage by a sense of their responsibility to the race. They fail to find in the heedless ruck of cigarette smokers and matinee-hat wearers a worthy parent for their children, and so decline to influence the future at all—a direful mistake, which deprives the race of the chance of betterment. Then indubitably many women to whom other professions have been opened disdain that of British matron from a love of independence which is intensified for the time by its novelty.

"These, however, are the thoughts of the thoughtful. For the majority, who seldom think deeply, some very simple reason must be found to account for the disfavor of marriage."

But Mrs. Steel is merciful. She does not place the whole of the burden upon the shoulders of weak and sinful men. Women also have their frailties. They grow greater with time and they act discouragingly upon the marriage market. Women, in brief, are so expensive.

"Now the one great absorbing interest in the lives of the majority of women at the present day appears to be dress. You have only to walk through the streets and count the shops devoted to feminine fashions; you have only to look at an ordinary blouse, with its tuckings and puckerings, its inlayings and frillings and stitchings, to see that a very large proportion of a woman's time must necessarily be taken up by her raiment.

"For to my mind it is marriage versus mercery, weddings versus shop-windows. The love of the latter is stronger than Dan Cupid. It exists abnormally in the very gutter. I live in the far country; the lack of them is constant grievance to all but local servants. The very hospital nurses who come to combat death complain, and console themselves with catalogues—those evasive, impregnable catalogues which come by post addressed to every servant who have ever employed, with the menace: 'If left, to be returned.' Then the bundles of patterns! You find them in every corner of the house—stuffed away in the pantry, in the housemaid's cupboards, in the drawing-room, and sometimes—but not so often—behind the book-shelves in the library—patterns inscribed mystically as 'Best style, new, kim. elb. slys., trim. imit. Val. lce., 3s. 11 3/4d.'—kimona sleeves trimmed with imitation Valenciennes lace! Ye old gods of Japan! what think ye? Ye whose every thought is centred on the future, on the race!"

Mrs. Steel tells us frankly that sexual impulse has nothing to do with the present state of affairs. It is just as strong as ever it was:

"All we know is that fewer women and fewer men seek honorable marriage. In regard to men, there can be no question that the excessive feminine love of dress must have an adverse influence on proposal; for a girl who, as the phrase goes, puts her earnings on her back must look a very expensive item in life to the

man who finds his own modest income a trifle short for his own luxuries. The puckerings and tuckings of a 'dainty blouse' are delightful to look at, but what if you have to pay for them? So Harriet whose real love has expended 2s. 6d. in monthly payment system for a lovely hat wherewith to screw Harry up to proposal point, finds herself hoist with her own petard. It is purely pitiful!"

We want too many accompaniments to marriage nowadays. There are too many things that we have come to regard as indispensable. We insist upon too much baggage when we undertake the voyage of matrimony.

"Many and many a couple of young people with quite enough love in their hearts for the greatest joy which humanity can know—the joy of fatherhood and motherhood—turn their backs on it, and what is worse, on their duty to the race, because they are afraid it will not leave them enough money for cigarettes and kimono sleeves; in other words, for the idle and unnecessary luxuries which year by year are sapping at our national strength.

"They vary with every class. With some it is a motor-car or a week-end cottage, while others it may simply be the possession of a general servant. But there is always something without which no honeymoon outfit is complete nowadays. Even the meanest, it appears, can not pass muster without two bicycles, a bundle of golf sticks and a camera; while if it is to be at the seaside—so I read in a paper only yesterday—it must include a 'pair of sea-corsets made without bones, and a dozen or so of chi-chi curls to wear with the bathing-cap.'

"And to think that in exchange for these doubtful blessings, half the men and women who use them might hold between them, as the first wet kiss of the sea touches their feet, a rough-headed wee laddie looking to dad, looking to mummy for confidence in this, his first, introduction to the genius of his race."

It is all very sad but we don't see what we can do about it. If the young people of the present day would rather not love each other at all than love each other in a cottage we can only hope that better counsels will yet prevail before the race shall become extinct.

The Buck-Eyed View.

(Being a free versified paraphrase of the impressions of the "Buck-eye Daisies," the batch of "prize girls" from Ohio who lately visited Europe.)

Fresh returned from ancient Yurrop,
The delighted Buck-eye Daisies
Have recorded their impressions
In illuminating phrases.

They have seen, these maids entrancing,
Sights that set their pulses dancing,
Spires and palaces galore,
Statues, pictures by the score—
Titian, Michael Angelo—
But they never saw, O no!
Any sight or any show
Half as great as Ohio;
Anything so fine and frank
As the manhood of the Yank.

Somewhat chary in their praises
Are the breezy Buck-eye Daisies.
They declare, in tones emphatic,
Germans are "too automatic,"
And the chivalrous Parisian,
Though he dwells in fields Elysian,
In their free-and-easy way
They pronounce a "popinjay."
Clumsy to the Buck-eye view
Is the Englishwoman's shoe.
And, although they have confessed
Her complexion is the best,
Unrelentingly they add
That her style in dress is bad.

Unexpected are the phases
Of the gentle Buck-eye Daisies.
How a maiden Transatlantic
Can be so insane and frantic
As to wed a titled gent
Of European descent—
This prodigiously amazes
Patriotic Buck-eye Daisies.

Yet, though liberal of blame,
We adore you all the same;
For, delighted to relate,
You have been alleged to state
That "The Englishman is great."
And for this, O Buck-eye Daisies,
We forgive you all your phrases.
—London Punch.

Sweet Singer—De Hammer says he has a high place in the next show he goes out with. Comedian—Well, I should say it is high. He sits up in the flies and tears up paper for the snowstorm scene.—Chicago News.

Mistress—Bridget, have you cemented the handle on to the water-jug which you dropped yesterday? Bridget—I started to, Mum, but most unfortunately I dropped the cement bottle.—Punch.

The Point of View

HOUSEHOLD graft and waste are costing the very wealthy and the unfortunate near-rich in New York millions of dollars each year, declares a correspondent in the Philadelphia Ledger. In single houses where the bills run more than \$10,000 a month, the pickings of servants and tradespeople run into many thousands a year. "Commissions" is the cry, and "my lady's maid" expects her percentage for favoring the hairdresser, the butler demands his understanding with florist and wine merchant, the chef favors the supplies of those who favor him, the grooms know something about harness dealers, and the chauffeur is friendly in a quiet way with repair shop and automobile accessories firms and the more that is used up the larger the bills, and the larger the bills the greater the commissions.

As an instance of how this system works may be cited the case of a chauffeur who needed \$40 at once. He had just had a profitable and elaborate repair job, so that another accident would not do. So he calmly went to a supply house and ordered enough tires and took four \$10 bills and went on his way rejoicing.

As a result of these conditions there has come from the wealthy a demand for new class of experts—household actuaries. And as these experts have to be associated generally with the wealthy man's wife, and also have to have a natural aptitude for domestic details, women are preferred, though there are many cases where men, who are masters of business system, get large salaries to run the financial side of a \$250,000 a year household on the same principles that they have supervised some great manufacturing or purchasing plant.

Living in Vienna is a delight to women-kind for at least one thing, the wonderful handiness of the housemaids in the use of the iron to freshen up wrinkled garments. In the brilliant city of the Danube not only the lady who has her maid, but the ordinary individual, has a muslin or other light frock ironed always each time after it is worn, so that it is ready quite fresh and uncrumpled for the next occasion. Blouses are always ironed between each time of wearing, these duties being always undertaken by the housemaid, failing a personal maid.

Of course, all Viennese, except those who are enormously rich, live in flats, and so it is possible to arrange these conditions, the housemaid's work being lighter. And these housemaids are such experts in glove cleaning and taking spots, etc., out of clothes. The system of living in flats has been so long established in Paris and Vienna that, of course, domestic service is arranged accordingly, and maids are very versatile.

Never since unpicturesque modern garb first replaced eighteenth century splendor has color been more considered in masculine costume than now. Of course, it is only just the merest glint of brightness in the tweed or flannel of a suit, and just the tie and socks of color that are permitted, but still, it is a faint indication of the desire for interest and composition in masculine dress, and as long as a man steers clear of dandyism and dandyism he looks all the better for the slight innovation.

In London men are getting to be very particular about having their socks and ties match and such little frivolities. A woman observer there was much struck with a brown flannel suit, in which there was the faintest thread of mauve, and with which the smart person wore a mauve tie and mauve socks, and she knows at least one youth who holds serious consultations with his sister over the patterns his tailor sends him.

It is sometimes just a fine line which divides the well-dressed man from the dandy. The well-dressed man is never self-conscious in his clothes. The dandy has, perhaps, just too definite a waist line, too studied a way of fastening a coat, and too aggressive a flower in his buttonhole. A man may wear a flower without looking a dandy, but he doesn't always manage to do it.

The first mention of gloves is in the Odyssey, in which it is stated that Laertes, the father of Ulysses, wore them on his hunting expeditions to protect his hands from the thorns, and Xenophon reproaches the Persians for their effeminacy in covering their hands.

Both in the East and West the glove, when once adopted, soon became of importance as the recognized

symbol of the transfer of property, the seller of land giving the purchaser a glove as a token of possession, for which reason it is generally supposed that in the much quoted passage in Ruth iv, verse 7, "to confirm all things a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor," the word shoe should have been translated glove.

In Christian iconography a glove worn on the left hand by a saint is a token of noble birth, probably because the falcon was carried on the left wrist, and as early as the third century A. D. gloves were given by the emperor to bishops on their investiture. St. Ambrose of Milan, who died in 398, is represented in a painting, now in the sacristy of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, wearing gloves, on the back of which a star is embroidered. Gloves are among the emblems of St. Amadeus of Savoy, whose sister is supposed to have given him a glove she had received from the Blessed Virgin, and the story goes that St. David of Sweden, when his sight was failing him from old age, hung his gloves on a sun-beam, taking it for a cord.

Knights used to wear a lady's glove in their helmets as a token that they would defend her cause against all comers. As is well known, the throwing down of a glove was in feudal times a challenge to single combat and the picking up of that glove an acceptance of the defiance, a fact skillfully turned to account by Browning in his beautiful poem "The Glove," in which he makes the heroine dash down her glove at the feet of the lion, only to have it flung back in her face by her lover.

The celebrated Doctor Tronchin, friend of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, whose biography has just been published, was the inventor of walking, says the Westminster Gazette. In France until his epoch (1709-1781) the leisured class never walked either for health or recreation. Walking was practised only by the tiers état; folks footed it from one place to another simply because they possessed neither coach nor sedan chair. Doctor Tronchin, an initiator, in many other respects, induced "les elegants et les elegantes," writes a historian, to take what is now called a constitutional. To stroll abroad was named *tronchiner*, after the inventor, and for their airings both sexes had special costumes and shoes, the latter being more especially necessary. The verb *tronchiner*, by the way, has not had the fate of our "to boycott," having passed into disuse long ago.

Esperanto at Cambridge

THE London correspondent of The Bellman writes:

Are you familiar with kokidaja soup? We are here. We have it quite frequently with our vespemango—I should say our dinner; but the truth is that there is a severe epidemic of Esperanto desolating the country, and my language has a tendency to get mixed. I have been attending the congress at Cambridge; and it was very entertaining, as well as not a little impressive.

Whatever one may think of the argument that the easiest way to cure the ills arising from too many tongues cannot be by the creation of one more, it was beyond question an extraordinary sight to see in the hall at Cambridge the representatives of some thirty-four peoples, normally speaking different tongues, all conversing together with almost as much ease and fluency as if they had been children of the same motherland.

Just outside the place of meeting a somewhat scrubby youth with a straggle of yellowish beard was in charge of a stall at which were being sold Esperantist manuals, badges, buttons, post cards, flags and various other odds and ends; and as I stood making my small purchases, a large and hurried man whom I guessed to be some sort of a German came up and spoke a few sentences to the scrubby youth. Then came a person in a Tyrolean costume, and then one who was evidently Russian. Each spoke to the youth with rapidity and assurance, and to all he replied with equal unconcern and promptitude.

"Excuse me," I said, "but can you talk English?"

The youth sniffed scornfully. "Born in Cambridge," was all he said. Then I inquired. He had taken up Esperanto some six months before in his spare time—the spare time which he took from selling newspapers on the streets, and now here he was with cheerful aplomb talking casually to the wise men of all manner of nationality before whom I stood tongue-tied. He was,



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TORONTO

as I have said, a scrubby newspaper-selling English provincial boy, who spoke English with the accent of the illiterate; and I confess that it gave me material for some thinking.

Of course, the present enthusiasm will blow over. At the moment the ancient city of Cambridge is a-flutter with the Esperantist flag (green with a single star on a white field) and every shop has signs in its window, from the ubiquitous "Oni parolas Esperanton teci" to detailed lists of prizes in "pencos" in what was yesterday an unfamiliar, and not much longer ago a non-existent, tongue. Even the Cambridge postoffice calls itself nowadays a "postofficejo." Every restaurant waiter has a smattering of a dozen words or so, while at garden parties and dinner tables there is always someone who can talk the language more or less and is kept busy instructing the uninitiate. The papers of the whole country, moreover, have given so much space

to the congress that in a less degree interest has been aroused all over England, and manuals and grammars and first readers in Esperanto are selling, I am told, literally by the tens of thousands daily.

"I have brought back the lawnmower I bought of you last week," said the man with the side whiskers. "You said you would return my money if it wasn't satisfactory." "Yes, that's what I said," replied the dealer, "but I assure you the money was perfectly satisfactory in every respect."—Chicago News.

"Thar, my son, you see what larnin' done fer yer daddy, don't you?" "What, maw?" "Why, jest as soon as the Gover'mint knowed that he could do figgers in his head they p'inted him postmaster at \$60 a year, an' purty soon he'll be sellin' stamps what goes on letters!"—Atlanta Constitution.



THE Canadian dog lover cannot complain that there is nothing to stimulate his interest these days. In the first place, the dog show at the Canadian National Exhibition has grown to such dimensions that it is now the second or third in point of size among such events on the continent, and in point of quality does not lag so very far behind the blue-ribbon events of the American kennel at New York and Boston. It is obvious that United States breeders must have the whip-hand of us in a good many breeds, and the reason can be summed up in one word—money. With champion dogs commanding the fabulous prices they do, the man with means at his command is in a position to outbid his less wealthy competitors, and lay the foundation for a kennel of future prize winners.

Signs are not wanting, however, to show that Canadian fanciers are alive to the fact that one must pay the long price for the superior article. A case in point, is the purchase by Mr. Charles Linden of Toronto, of that remarkable fox-terrier, Warren Blue Blood. He paid \$1,000 for this canine aristocrat, and probably considers him a good investment, even at that price. Aside from the dog's obvious excellences, the kennel from which he hails is one with an international reputation. Every man who has the slightest addition to the fox terrier habit, knows of W. Rutherford, of Allamuchy, N. Y., and every owner of a pup with the magic prefix "Warren" to its name, has visions of championships looming large.

Since the dispersion of the Gooderham kennels, the Canadian smooth-haired fox-terrier has been only medium to good, but with the naturalization of this distinguished alien, we may look for a return of the breed to its former high estate.

ANOTHER dog that is making quite a noise in canine circles, is "Bobs." In case you are unacquainted with the leading features of Bobs' career, we make so bold as to state that he is a collie, and his business in life is to correct the inherent tendencies of sheep and cattle, to deviate from a straight line when driven. He has other interests, but may be said to have specialized in the above line, and as a result, is today the king of American sheep-dogs.

For three years he won out in the sheep trials at the Toronto Exhibition. This meant more than ordinary ability, so his owners entered him in the American championships this year. He won hands down, and was the only competitor to get all the sheep penned within the time limit. The odd part of it was, he beat J. Pierpont Morgan's entry, a dog with a pedigree as long as an East London voter's list, and valued at about the price of two automobiles and a yacht. If it came to a comparison of points for show purposes, Bobs would be simply nowhere. He knows nothing of the way to carry his tail according to the canons of the show ring, and on ears, head, legs, conformation, and carriage, the other dog would beat him across the board. But for the purpose for which the collie was developed, i.e., herding sheep, Bobs is pre-eminent, and this should compensate a great deal for the absence of those graces that go to make the bench dog so attractive.

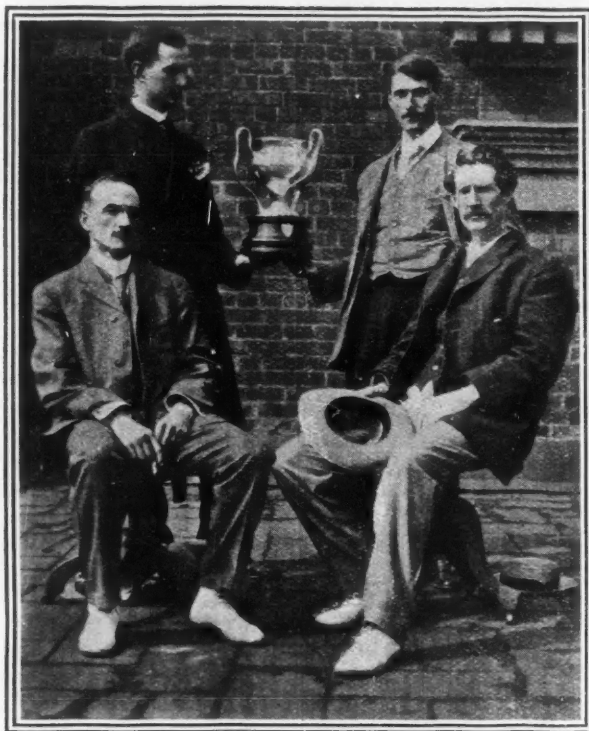
THE entry list for the fall championships of the C. A. A. U., which takes place this afternoon, are indicative of some good sport. The five mile run will furnish the first opportunity for Sellen, Coley, Meadows and Shipman to show their calibre against Tom Longboat, and as Coley jolted the record twice this summer and Sellen has brought it down another notch, when they get chasing the redskin the figures for the distance are in danger of getting laid away for some time.

In the high jump, Barber of the Central Y. M. C. A. has won so often that it looks like him for the gold ornament again, but the broad jump, with such good "leppers" as Worthington, Bricker and Hagerman, should be exceedingly interesting.

The English athletes have been rousing themselves since Shrubbs arrived in town, and are endeavoring to get a man in shape to beat

"Chuck" Skene in the mile walk. Well, they'll have to go some, and if they succeed we ought to see the figures fall below seven minutes.

The Hamilton contingent are praying for a warm day and a fast track, for their faith in Bobbie Kerr's ability to knock that other fifth from the 100 yard record, is like unto their faith in Jack Counsell and the Tigers. That same Bobbie Kerr is about the best that has yet happened in this Canada of ours, in the short distance events, and the wise ones look to him to clean up both the 100 and the furlong in England next year if he retains his present form. He has finished inside the ten seconds three times this year, while Kelley, the present champion of the States, ran unplaced at Jamestown last Saturday, where the winner's time was 1-5. Looks as if he would have had a chance there. Taken altogether



P. McEvoy, skip
J. G. Muir, vice-skip
J. K. Hyslop, vice-skip
"EVENING TELEGRAM"—WINNERS OF THE
R. L. PATTERSON TROPHY 1907.

the programme appears to be the best that has been offered to the athletic patrons this summer.

AS was to be expected, Alfred Shrubbs, the phenomenal English runner is having considerable trouble in getting a match in this country. Professional runners of class do not grow on the bushes in these parts, and the amateurs have no irresistible impulse to forfeit their status, for the doubtful pleasure of being run off their feet by the unconquerable Alf. It is understood that he will stay here for a while, and give local runners the benefit of his experience and training. As the result of the recent athletic revival and the arrival of runners from England, there is almost a glut of running material in Toronto and Hamilton. The good to the sport that should accrue from Shrubbs' instruction and training, should undoubtedly result in making this the centre of distance running in America, and that is worth considering, from every point of view.

ON Saturday afternoon last the newspaper men of Toronto were entertained at a bowling tournament by Mr. R. L. Patterson, at his country residence, Fernwood, Todmorden. Bowling rinks from the three evening papers played rinks from the three morning papers, the former proving victorious by a total score of 88 to 68. The Star defeated the World by 28 to 21; the Globe defeated the News by 26 to 20, and the Telegram defeated the Mail by 30 to 21. Mr. Patterson surprised his guests at the opening of the game by disclosing a beautiful trophy, which he submitted for competition between the newspapers, the prize to go to the rink defeating its opponent by the largest lead during the afternoon's play and to be held by the winners until again competed for in the following year; the annual match to be played on whatever green the contestants may select, but with the understanding that Mr. Patterson places the lawn at Fernwood at their disposal if they desire. The Tele-

gram proved the winning team, and proudly carried the trophy home. It is safe to say that the Toronto journalists will look forward to the contest at Fernwood as one of the most interesting events of the year.

IT would be a good thing for Canadian cricket if somebody in Toronto, or some committee, would get up a cricket eleven and make a trip next season to Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria. I believe that if a good, strong eleven could be got together all kinds of inducements would be offered by the cities named for the taking of such a trip, while the C. P. R. would be only too willing to offer encouragement to the proposal. Lacrosse and football teams can make long journeys, but of course, these games attract large gates and the tours are more easily financed. But, on the other hand,

it is easier to raise funds by subscription in the interests of cricket than in favor of any other game, with the possible exception of golf. If a strong eleven could be got together it is probable that Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria would go as far as anybody could expect in support of the proposal, and they have cricket teams in these three cities that could take care of any eleven that could be sent from Eastern Canada. All that is necessary is to dig up the man who will have the courage to do the necessary work in making the arrangements. The benefit that would be done to cricket would be very great, and afterwards it would be found easy to select a truly representative Canadian eleven to play in the international matches against the United States.

SIR WILLIAM MCGREGOR, of Newfoundland, having held the opinion that the mosses and lichens that grow in such abundance on the island would make excellent food for reindeer, and knowing of the success with which reindeer are used for draft purposes in Lapland, and more recently in Alaska, last year sent specimens of various mosses and lichens to the botanical gardens, at Kew, near London. Recently he received these back with a complete confirmation of his theory that they would be excellent food for reindeer as they are for the caribou of Newfoundland. The attention attracted by Sir William's idea of introducing reindeer to replace the unsatisfactory breed of dogs that are now used in parts of Newfoundland and Labrador has led many people in the island to ask why the caribou could not be domesticated and broken to harness as has been done with reindeer. The caribou have the advantage of being easy and cheap to obtain, and are native to the country, while there is no faster animal, perhaps, in the world. It is interesting to know that in pursuit of this idea several hunters last spring caught young caribou and are training them with a view to breaking them to harness. If they will hitch up and trot it will be worth

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One of the most singular wagers, which might be taken to be the outcome of a growing industrial age, was made and decided in 1811. Sir John Throckmorton at that time bet a thousand guineas that he could have a coat made in a day, from the first shearing of the sheep to the last stitch of the tailor's needle. According to the agreement, at five in the morning Sir John gave two South-down sheep to a Mr. Coxeter. The sheep were shorn, the wool "spun," The yarn "spooled, warped, loomed

and wove." The cloth "buried, milled, rowed, dyed, dried, sheared and pressed." At four o'clock in the afternoon it was in the hands of the tailor. At exactly twenty minutes past six that workman finished his task, and the completed coat was presented by Mr. Coxeter to Sir John, who put it on and appeared in it before a crowd of five thousand applauding spectators.—Metropolitan Magazine.

The expert bridge-player's little daughter was a model Sunday school scholar. Towards the close of the year her teacher said: "Susie, if you continue to know your lessons so

well you will have a Good Conduct card for every Sunday in this year." "My!" said Susie. "That'll be a whole deck, won't it?"—Lippincott's.

Mrs. Dashaway: "Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics." Mrs. Newrich: "Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would git on you?"—Philadelphia Record.

E. H. Harriman likes to see pictures of himself in the newspapers, but he is rather touchy about cartoons.—Philadelphia Post.

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HIDE AND SEEK

By RENE CARDINE

THE Marquise de R—, although only twenty-five years old, has snow-white hair. Besides, she used powder, which gave her quite the air of a great lady of the olden time.

Not long ago she told me the history of this startling anomaly. Just seven years ago my husband and I took our wedding journey in Brittany. At Vannes one of our kinsfolk begged us to visit the Ker-pen-hir manor near Plouharnel, and we found a very old house, half in ruins, yet having in its halls and spacious rooms some remains of old tapestry and a few old pieces of worn-out furniture.

The porter was an aged peasant woman, who looked all the more like a witch because she was attended by a tame crow with a diabolical eye.

"My good sir, my good lady," she said to us, "the last man who lived in this house was Monsieur Yvon, Baron de Ker-pen-hir, who held it stoutly against the Republican army."

I think that the old woman had noticed my husband's coat-of-arms, engraved upon his seal ring.

"He was a very wonderful man, my good lady and gentleman. He kept on fighting the king's enemies even after what was called the 'Peace of Brittany.' Sometimes he was hunted very sharply, but he had the gift of disappearing whenever he chose, so that the devil himself—saving your presence—couldn't have found him. People said that Saint Cornely, the patron saint of this country, had given him a ring which made him invisible whenever he turned the gem toward the palm of his hand. However that may be, he disappeared one fine day and was never seen again. Some say that he died abroad, others that he stayed in his own house. The fellows about here would not walk out at night for a kingdom. You understand me, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said my husband. "And what do you think has become of this strange baron, my good woman?"

"Good heavens, monsieur. I know nothing about it; no more than I know where my crow sleeps every night."

"Your crow?"

"Yes, monsieur; he disappears at night. He hides somewhere in the old buildings, and no one knows what becomes of him."

"Perhaps your crow is merely the baron, coming back under the form of a fantastic bird."

"That might very well be so," said the old woman stolidly. "And now, monsieur and madame, here are the keys. Walk about the house freely. That will please you better than to have me with you; and my old legs carry me so poorly!"

We took the keys, delighted with the liberty which this unusual porter gave us, and we went into the inner court, formerly paved, but now carpeted with turf. On our right rose the tower, the stairway to which was in a very bad state of repair.

"Let us climb this tower," said my husband. "We shall have a fine view."

I protested against the dangers of the broken steps. My husband gently made sport of my timidity, and wanted to go up alone. So I went into the chateau and wandered hither and thither through the big rooms with their resounding arches. Presently I heard my husband's footsteps coming toward me. The childish idea occurred to me to punish him for his obstinacy by making him hunt for me, and, stifling a laugh, I crouched behind an enormous black-oak chest.

I crouched, I tell you, leaning heavily against the wall. All at once I felt something like a door, which yielded under my weight. And before I had time to consider what was happening to me I found myself in a sort of passageway which was completely dark, while the door closed behind me with an odd grinding of the lock.

Much troubled, I began to grope. On each side of me were icy walls. In front of me was a surface of wood covered with a wrinkled stuff, underneath which I felt something like machinery.

The old woman's gossip came back to my mind. Had this baron, who could disappear so easily, built a mysterious hiding place in his chateau? Hiding places were quite fashionable in the time of the Revolution. Was I not in such a place?

This idea gave me a little thrill of romantic pleasure, followed by a great shock of terror. Supposing that I could not open that door? Supposing that I were to stay there, and to die of hunger, cold and fright?

But, pshaw! By calling I could make myself heard! Ah, I no longer cared to play hide-and-seek with my husband. I began to call in a desper-

ate way, louder and louder. There was no reply. I was conscious of something dull and heavy which kept back my cries so that they were pitilessly stifled in that dungeon-like atmosphere.

A frightful odor of moldiness choked me. The cold struck to my very heart. I flung myself wildly upon what I supposed to be the door, searching for a spring, for something which would let me open it. There was nothing. The baron's hiding-place kept its secret!

Still, I began, in a vague way, to see my surroundings. I took a few steps forward and found myself at the top of a narrow staircase built into the thick wall. Hoping to find an opening at the bottom, I went down these steps. Now I could see quite clearly—I was in a high, arched rotunda. The light came from above; it sifted through a narrow opening, constructed, no doubt, somewhere in the inner court. A faint hope returned to me, and, almost mistress of myself, I looked about me.

The walls were bare and of a grayish white. There was a bed made of black oak, and some chairs. In the middle of the room was a square table covered with green serge, and on this table lay some pistols, a sword and writing materials. In front of the table was a large armchair, and—did I deceive myself, was I mad?—in the armchair was a man, yes, a man, whom the high back of the chair hid at first hidden from me! He was a peasant, no doubt, for he wore a big hat and an embroidered jacket.

Who could this man be, who seemed to be asleep? No doubt he was some old neighbor who knew the baron's secret and who had come here to rest, or, perhaps, to indulge in memories of the past. I was overjoyed; I was saved!

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" I cried. And I touched the old man's shoulder. He did not stir. Then I went round the chair and saw his face.

Horror! Unspeakable horror! It was a corpse, almost a skeleton. The face was covered with a black shriveled skin, and there were two deep and empty holes where the eyes had been. A frightful grin laid bare his long white teeth which seemed to gaze at me! I uttered a loud cry and almost fainted from terror.

However, as often happens in these great crises, my ideas formed themselves and followed one another with wonderful clearness and rapidity. I understood it all. The whole fearful truth revealed itself to me. I was looking at the body of Baron de Ker-pen-hir, who had died suddenly while he was hiding from the Republicans. The dryness of the cellar had preserved the hideous remains, as in that Italian convent where the dead monks are left to dry in the stalls of a subterranean chapel.

But what was to become of me, who did not know the secret of the hiding place and who had no power to open that door which had been too cleverly contrived?

Once more I began to call. I screamed, I shrieked, until my voice failed me. Evidently no one heard me. My cries seemed to be even more stifled than they had been in the passage. I was confronted with a slow death, surrounded by the most ghastly train of sufferings and terrors. I should never again see my mother, my husband or the friends of my youth!

For a long, long time they would eagerly search for me—in vain! My inexplicable disappearance would be added to the somber legends in which old Brittany is so rich. But through what unspeakable agonies was I to pass before I died in this horrible place, beside this ironical corpse, tortured by hunger and thirst?

A shadow fell upon me. I saw nothing but those white teeth which seemed to concentrate the few bright rays that were still left. With dilated eyes, breathless from fright, trembling from head to feet, I murmured incoherent prayers. Suddenly a cry sounded close beside me, a harsh cry, with something in it that seemed to mock and threaten me. At the same time the body seemed to shake its head, and there was a noise like the sound of flapping wings. This was too much. I fell back, fainting, as if dead.

When I came to myself there was daylight. The rosy beams from the east came into my prison, gladdening my eyes and cheering my heart. Still, I had not been dreaming; I was really buried alive in Baron de Ker-pen-hir's hiding place, and that was really the body of the strange man, sitting opposite me with his dead eyes and his living teeth! But now I understood the hoarse cry which I had heard, and that movement of the head which I thought I had seen, for there upon the back of the armchair

sat the old peasant woman's crow. Ah, well! Far from giving me a new fear, the sight of this ill-omened bird gave me fresh hope. In that bird I saw a means of deliverance. I formed a plan which I at once put into effect, almost sure of success. I had in my hand a handkerchief with my initials. Carefully approaching the bird, who in spite of his ill looks, was perfectly good-natured, I fastened my handkerchief to his leg. Then, taking him gently in my hand I threw him toward the opening in the arch, and he flew away, cawing. Another day passed, and most of another night. I was in despair and had become very feeble, when I heard voices calling me.

You can guess the rest. They had anxiously looked for me. My handkerchief had been seen on the crow's foot and they had watched him. When night came he went down into his lodging. That was where I must be; that was where they found me! But my hair had turned white, and that is why I use powder. Ah, if I were of an age to play hide-and-seek, it would not be in an old chateau in Brittany!—Translated from the French by E. T. Mason, for Transatlantic Tales.

The Waning Moon.

(Translated from the Italian by R. W. Kauffman.)

O silver sickle of the waning moon, Bending above the wintry desert's woe,

How mighty is the harvest-home of dreams,

Waving in silence for you here below!

The fluttering breath of sudden leaves, of flowers,

Of forest streams, wafts softly out to sea;

No weeping and no laughter breaks the silence—

The vasty silence of thine empire

Oppressed with passion and oppressed with pleasure.

The throbbing world sleeps, tossing to and fro;

O sickle, what a harvest-home of visions

Lies dreaming, waiting for you here below!

—Gabriele D'Annunzio.

"One of the most frequent objections made to motor boats," an enthusiast amateur navigator recently remarked, "is the noise of the exhaust. As a matter of fact, any boat can be made practically noiseless and with but little trouble."

"The exhaust pipe should go overboard about six inches above the normal water line. An inch should be allowed out-board, and then an ordinary elbow screwed on, the elbow being left free to turn. Into the elbow should be screwed firmly four feet of pipe, say of one and one-half inches. To the end of the pipe attach a copper wire, so that the pipe may be raised or lowered at will. This simple arrangement gives you an odorless, noiseless exhaust, so soon as you have gotten onto its operation."

"Pull the exhaust pipe up until your boat has been started, then drop the pipe, and you will find that you are moving faster, and with less noise, than ever before. The water rushing past creates a suction which makes a more perfect exhaust, the cylinder being completely emptied of gas after each explosion."

"Of course, a little experimenting may be necessary to determine just the right depth to lower the pipe, by reason of different loads or varying speeds, but you will soon get on to this."

John Brink prided himself on having the largest general store in the county. "If man wishes it, and it is made, I have it," was the sign over his store and the motto which capped all his advertisements in the newspapers.

"William," said Mr. Brink, one morning, as he was giving instructions to a green clerk, "no one must ever leave this store without making a purchase. If a person doesn't know what he wants, suggest something. And, remember, we have everything from carpet tacks to mausoleums."

William's first customer was a leisurely appearing chap, who gazed about curiously, but had no definite object in view. "Just looking round," he explained.

"Wouldn't you like to take a look at our new line of postal cards?" suggested the eager clerk.

"No, not this time," answered the stranger; "I'm just a little short this morning."

"Ah," urged the new clerk, who was not familiar with the wonderful expansiveness of the language, "then perhaps, you'd like to look at our line of new and handsome stretchers?"—Harper's Weekly.

Woman is a thing of beauty and an expense forever.—Life.

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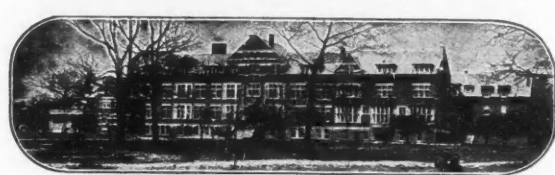
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A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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A CLEVER CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Hamilton Gibson, manager Department of Publicity of the Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company, St. Louis, is now putting out throughout Canada and the United States simultaneously, an extremely clever and well thought out campaign for introducing the "Sanitol" tooth powder, face cream and other toilet products. The advertising of the Canadian campaign is being conducted by Woods-Norris Limited, Toronto, the well known advertising agency.

Briefly the plan is to publish large advertisements containing a coupon. By cutting out this coupon and mailing it to the Sanitol Company in St. Louis with \$1.00, the purchaser can obtain from his own druggist ten different "Sanitol" toilet articles, the retail value of which is \$2.70, and the Sanitol Company pays the druggist the full retail price so that he secures his full profit on the goods; thus they sell the articles for the druggist, on which the druggist secures his profit, and the Sanitol Company depends entirely on the merits of the goods for its repeat orders.

It is sincerely hoped that all residents of Canada will cut their coupons from Canadian papers and thus show their loyalty.

Mars had approached to within 83,000,000 miles of the earth.

"Hold on," said the more cautious Martians, "perhaps Japan will be offended if we sail closer."

This view seeming reasonable, they reversed and scooted away at full speed.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life.

"I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."—The London Tatler.

The Lady—But why have you left your other positions so often?

The Would-be Cook—Please ma'am because I've got nine brothers, four of 'em policemen, and none of the mistresses! believe that they're my brothers!—Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

"You look like Aphrodite to-day, Miss Blank."

"Then was she really as beautiful as they say?"—Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

Branksome Hall

102 Bloor Street East, Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Under the joint management of MISS SCOTT, formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK. Autumn term begins September 10th. For circulars apply to MISS SCOTT

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Residential School for Boys

Founded 1863.

Boys are prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and business pursuits. Special attention given to the younger boys. In each of the last three years this school has obtained first place in the entrance examination for the Royal Military College. Next term begins Sept. 12th.

For calendar and all particulars apply to the Rev. OSWALD KIRBY, M.A. (Cambridge) LL.D., Headmaster.

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Chateau d'Auteuil, 16 rue d'Auteuil. Principals: Mmes. Pour: Professors for French, German, Italian, Spanish, music, &c.; highest references in America; comfortable home; large garden, tennis, croquet, &c.; prospectus on application.

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Miss Fritz, the Champion Typist of the World, is at our school daily during September, receiving special training for coming contests.

She chooses the best school. Her example is a good one.

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

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Vol. 20. TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1907. No. 48

!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

Mentioned for the Senate.

AMONG the names of those prominently mentioned in connection with the appointments soon to be made to the Senate of Canada, to fill several vacancies which at present exist in the Upper House is that of Mr. C. W. Hartman, head of the firm of Hartman & Company, bankers, Clarksburg, Ont. Mr. Hartman is one of the strong pillars of Liberalism in Grey county, where he has spent time and energy without stint in the interests of his party. His influence extends to Simcoe county, too, and in fact throughout a very large portion of the section of the province in which he lives. It is well known by the people there that the party makes no important move in that district without consulting Mr. Hartman, and being assured of his countenance and support in the matter.

Aside altogether from Mr. Hartman's claims to a senatorship from the standpoint of his party affiliations, he is, without doubt, a gentleman of a type desirable for the Red Chamber. He possesses character, and places a good, old-fashioned interpretation upon the word honor. But he is also in the prime of life, and full of energy, with many years of usefulness before him.

Gave Names to Two Theatres.

THE present Queen has had the unique honor of having both first-class theatres of the city of Toronto named for her. Twelve years ago, when she had not then ascended the throne, the lessee of the old Academy of Music, in looking about for a new name for the house, decided to call it after the Princess of Wales. The builders of the new model theatre on King street west went to the same gracious lady for a title, and called it the Royal Alexandra.

It is interesting to recall the personality of the man who was first in the field and gave the Princess its name. He was one of the most amusing chaps that ever lived. His name was Frank Connolly and prior to his coming to Toronto had been a newspaper man in Pittsburg, and later a theatrical agent with various companies. The legend was that at a race meeting he bet a long shot and made \$1,500. Hearing from a theatrical man who hailed from Canada that there was a vacant theatre at Toronto which possibly might be turned to some account some day, he put his fifteen hundred into his pocket book and took a train for this city. The Academy of Music had been foreclosed upon by the Canada Life some months previously and locked up. It was a sort of white elephant on the company's hands. Connolly easily perceived that it would have to be renovated and improved, its name changed, and a new aspect given to it altogether, for it had sunk to the lowest level of a variety theatre. His fifteen hundred dollars would not go far in such a venture, more especially as he had to pay living expenses and put on a good "front" during the months of necessary preparation. His capital was his self-confidence, and he essayed the very difficult task of persuading a very conservative corporation to renovate the playhouse, and the equally difficult one of in-



MR. C. W. HARTMAN.

ducing managers to give him some good bookings, without the assurance of which the improvements would not be made.

However, Connolly was a born promoter and tactician and could laugh his way through a difficult situation with the utmost ease. It is probable, indeed, that in the months of his stay here he left more good stories behind him than any other man who ever visited the city. He persuaded the late Augustin Daly to book all his companies here, including the stock company with its many sumptuous Shakespearian productions. This was his strong card, and he filled the rest of his time with such companies as he could lay hold of, some good and some bad. The company made the necessary improvements; Connolly hit on "The Princess" as a new name, and all went merrily.

But there was one thing that Connolly left out of his calculations, and that was "hard times." They had never been worse than they were in 1895 and the enterprise ran at a loss. Even the Daly Company played to but a few dollars over the guarantee, and by Christmas time Connolly's fifteen hundred was wiped out and the theatre was bankrupt. The man who had done more to stir up things theatrical in the city than any one else had to take to the road as an agent again. Thus he repeated the experience of fifty per cent. of theatrical managers. He was heard of again as city editor of the New York Telegraph, and a year or so later the story came that some new enterprise of his having failed he had blown his brains out. It was incredible that so gay and optimistic a fellow as little Frank Connolly should have come to such an end, but the incredible frequently comes true.

How They Jolly Along Out West.

IN the Canadian West people make light of their disabilities. When the extreme cold of last winter comes up for discussion they will ask you if you have heard the old story of the two easterners who met somewhere out there during an unseasonable spell of cold weather. "Is there any summer at all out here?" one demanded of the other. "I don't know," was the reply. "I have only been out here eleven months."

The same tendency to take everything jestingly displayed itself in Edmonton a couple of weeks ago. One of the streets in the centre of the town—at the top of that famous hill—was being repaved and no temporary repairs had been made to it. Down came a heavy rain, leaving part of the street impassable—a stretch of humps, lumps and small ponds. On walking that way next morning the stranger found printed placards nailed to the telegraph poles containing such notices as these: "Hunting and Fishing on these Premises Strictly Prohibited—By Order" and "Warning—Duck Shooting Not Allowed Here." In Edmonton the municipal officials can take a joke, and the placards were allowed to remain where they had been posted.

The Late J. Macdonald Oxley.

MR. J. MACDONALD OXLEY, the author, whose name is widely known in all English-speaking countries as a writer of boys' stories, died at his home in Toronto on Monday of this week. Mr. Oxley was born fifty-two years ago in Halifax, N.S. In his youth he chose the law as a profession, was called to the bar, and practised for five years. He then received an appointment in the Marine and Fisheries Department at Ottawa. In 1892 he took up the work of life insurance, going to the Sun Life Assurance Company. Latterly he was connected with the Macmillan Company, publishers. For the past eight years he resided in Toronto.

When quite young Mr. Oxley began his literary work, and his stories and articles were accepted by many magazines, including The Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's Magazine, The Forum, The North American Review, The Youth's Companion, The Boys' Own Paper, and The Cosmopolitan. He also wrote a score or more of books. His stories are chiefly tales of adventure and of life in the wilds of Canada. It was probably as a contributor to The Boys' Own Paper that Mr. Oxley won the most fame.

It is impossible to calculate even approximately the value of the work done by a writer who produces stories that are read by thousands of boys not only with interest but with profit. And the name of J. Macdonald Oxley, who did such an immense amount of such work, should be one long honored.

A Liberal of the Old Guard.

ON Friday afternoon of last week there was laid away in the graveyard of the little frontier village of Hemmingford, Que., the remains of one of the old guard of the Liberal party in the province of Quebec—Julius Scriver, for almost thirty years member of the House of Commons for Huntingdon county. Scriver of Huntingdon and Holton of Chateauguay, sat for neighboring counties; together they fought the battles of their party, and both will be remembered so long as there is an English speaking minority in Quebec. Mr. Scriver survived Mr. Holton by many years, and it was only a few



Ruins of a Fine Residence

Mr. Hal. B. Douglass's residence, since the fire. It has been said that next to the Sutherland place, Woodstock, this was the finest residential property in Western Ontario.

weeks ago that Mr. Holton's son, and successor in Parliament, passed away.

There are a few members left in the House who will remember Mr. Scriver, and everyone of them will remember him with respect, and not a few with affection. He was a staunch party man, but never a bitter politician, and his many speeches in Hansard will be read through in vain by anyone looking for unkind words or bitter personalities. He had been brought up to business, and his modest competence he had made as keeper of a general country store, but he was essentially a farmers' representative, and it is seldom that that class has a better spokesman in Parliament. He was well informed and when he addressed the House he received the undivided attention of all.

But few members of his time were better versed in parliamentary procedure and when the Liberals came in it was the hope of his friends that he would be chosen Speaker; but he was growing old and his health was failing. He retired from public life and spent his closing years quietly dying on Thursday of last week at the residence of his son in Westmount near Montreal.

By the people of Huntingdon county Mr. Scriver was beloved. For a third of a century they sent him to Parliament. They never rejected him; with reluctance they consented to his retirement; and on Friday of last week they buried him near his old home with the deepest of sorrow.

The Woes of a Third Candidate.

NOW that politics are beginning to come to the fore again after the public has had a brief respite of about two years, the talk of third candidates will probably be heard in many quarters. It is astonishing how much talk there is before nomination day by men who say they will be candidates in any event, whether they receive the endorsement of either one of the great political parties or not. It is equally astonishing how few of them come up to the scratch when the fight is really on. And they are wise because the lot of the third candidate in this country is not a happy one. A few years ago Dr. E. Herbert Adams was threatening to run as an independent Liberal in North Toronto, and it took a great deal of dissuasion by his party friends to induce him to drop out. He finally did so, but while the negotiations were going on a gentleman, who once actually ran as an independent candidate in a local riding, and had been badly beaten, made the following comment on the situation:

"If the doctor's case is anything like mine, I'll venture to say that he wishes he'd never heard the word 'politics.' When I first thought of running every Tory I knew dropped in and said: 'By Jove, you're the man we want; if you run you'll get elected.'"

"Then every Grit I knew came along and said: 'Say, old man, you're the man for the seat. You can beat so and so (naming the sitting member) among his own friends, and you'll get a big support from us. You'll be elected all right.'"

"So I announced that I would run, but as nomination day came near both parties had their men in the field. The Tory member was going to run anyway, and the Grits hoped I would cut into his support sufficiently to let their man in. I saw I was beaten. I went to two or three friends who weren't strong politicians and put the case to them, saying that I guessed I'd withdraw."

"Well, if you do that they'll all say so and so (the sitting member) bought you off," said one. "And the other fellows will say that it was the Grits bought you off," said the next man, and so I decided to stick to my original announcement. I ran and I lost my deposit, and the only ones who got any fun out of it were the jokers on the evening newspapers. No, sir, no independence in politics for mine."

A Unique Editor.

D. J. MUNGOVAN, the blind editor of the Dufferin Post, died this week after an illness lasting for several months. Mr. Mungovan was a character. He conducted his paper along the lines of his own ideas, wrote what he wanted to say, and let the consequences take care of themselves. He is described by the Toronto Telegram as "the last of the fighting editors of Ontario," and in a sense he was one of the last of the old school. He stood by his friends, made valorous war on his opponents, and always kept his readers guessing what he would say next.

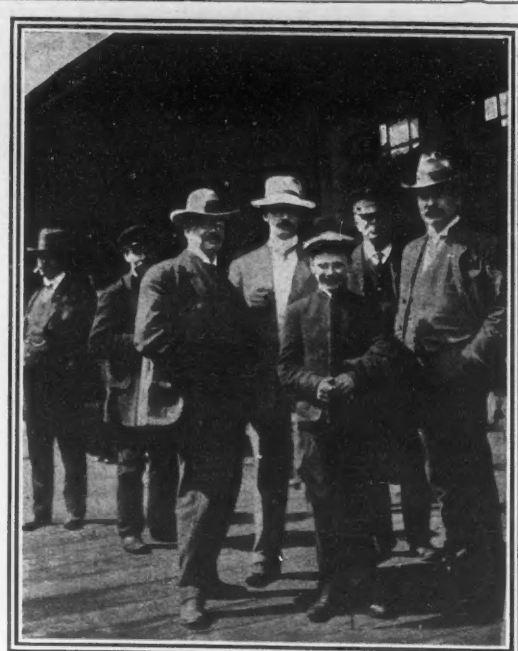
He Isn't so Very Old.

POLITENESS is a virtue all too rare in this most busy age, and tact is more uncommon still. It is surprising how many people destroy the value of a kindness done by doing it awkwardly, or who, on the other hand, accept favors in a boorish spirit or with thanks ill-spoken. One who tries to cultivate the amenities of life and who looks to others to respect them would do well, however, when disappointed in this regard to fall quickly back to that comfort of all wise men—philosophy, seasoned with a sense of humor. This is, one would suppose from the manner in which he tells a story about himself, the habit of the editor of The Presbyterian of Toronto. This editor admits that he resents any suggestion he may receive that he is not in his "full-orbed prime," and he tells of a jolt he received in this way one day during the Exhibition. One day he noticed an old lady, plainly a stranger in the city to visit the Fair, trying to alight from a street car. She was laden with a valise, a bird cage, a handbag and several parcels. The editor gallantly offered his assistance, and got the old lady safely to the ground. When she had righted herself and made certain that all her impediments were in her possession and undamaged, she turned to him gratefully and said:

"Thank you, sir; thank you. I like the looks of you. You're a kind old man."

A Wily Way to Make Money.

ONE of the prominent pigeon fanciers who exhibited at the National Exhibition just past told the following story on himself: He at one time was a prominent breeder of homing pigeons, and finding himself overstocked, he advertised a number of what he deemed his less valuable birds for sale. After some negotiation with a Toronto person who called on him, the birds were sold ostensibly for the flock of a fancier in an Ohio town. A week or so after they had been taken away by the Toronto intermediary a postcard came from Ohio stating that one of the pigeons had escaped and had not returned, and requesting that if by any chance the bird should wander back to Toronto he be returned. A day or so later the bird was found in the morning in the old loft and the breeder was so delighted with the phenomenal fly that he offered to buy back the bird at double the price he had sold it for. Some comment was made in the sporting columns of the newspapers at the time and the fancier was consoled by the fact that he had made a foolish sale in the fact that he



At the Calgary Depot

"Seeing a friend off on the train" an attention invariably shown visitors out West. The four figures in the centre of the picture reading from left to right are: Mr. J. H. Woods, Mr. J. J. Young, next stands the local immigration agent, and at the right Mr. Larry Clark.

had bred so fine a homer. A fortnight or so passed, and another pigeon arrived almost simultaneously with a postcard from Ohio telling of its disappearance. The breeder was wildly elated and bought back his product at treble the former price. A little time later he happened to be taking a stroll on the outskirts of the city about a mile from his home when he noticed a man with a basket of birds preparing to send one up in the air. With the interest of an enthusiast, he walked over to make an inspection, when lo, and behold, he recognized the basket as one of his own and the birds in it as those he had bred. They had never left Toronto, and the postcards from Ohio were merely the fabrications of a confederate.

His Adventure With a Moose.

CY WARMAN, poet and story writer, who now resides in London, Ont., and is well known to newspaper men on both sides of the international boundary, has made a reputation for himself in the wilds of New Ontario that being about the only part of the continent where he was formerly unknown.

Mr. Warman, with a party of friends and Indian guides, was in the Temagami country catching black bass, and was greatly interested in a number of moose which he saw standing in shady places in the water to escape the pest of flies that bother them so much in the hot weather. One big bull moose fascinated Mr. Warman and he decided to steal up in his canoe and pat him on the back, although warned by the Indian guides that the animal could be very dangerous. Finding, however, that Mr. Warman was bent on paddling as close as possible to the bull, one of the guides humored him. They stole silently over the water to the rear of the moose without disturbing him, but when the animal saw the canoe between him and the land he gave an angry snort and swam out into the lake, the canoe after him.

Quite an exciting race ensued but although the guide would have held off, Mr. Warman noddled up close patted the animal's back, playfully pulled his ear and finally gave his head an affectionate push under water. This liberty the moose resented.

"He'll horn you!" shouted the guide, striking the water with his blade to turn the canoe but not quick enough, for the moose struck out with his horns and smashed out with his feet, breaking in the side of the canoe. The guide paddled for dear life, but the moose did not follow, and, as the light craft swamped the two passengers were rescued by other canoeists of the party.

"That's all right," said Cy Warman, "that's all I want to know. I have studied the moose in his native haunts."

Our New C.V.O.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THE HON. J. S. HENDRIE, of Hamilton, has been honored by being created a C.V.O.—a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order—in recognition of his services in connection with the recent visit of the British Artillery Association team to Canada. Col. Hendrie is president of the Canadian Artillery Association, and he was unceasing in his attentions to the visitors. He well deserves the honor, for he is one of the best informed, most enthusiastic and most capable of the artillery officers of Canada. He is a very busy man having his legislative duties to perform in addition to administering his large private affairs. But every year he finds time to go to camp with the second brigade, which he commands. The Ottawa Citizen aptly terms him "The Big Gun of the big gunners of Canada."

The Royal Victorian Order was founded in 1896 by Queen Victoria, and has been continued by King Edward. It has five classes, the rank of commander being the third. The ribbon of the order is dark blue with a narrow edging of three stripes—red, white and red.

The annual report of the Minister of Mines of British Columbia emphasizes the fact that the mining population of that province is three-quarters that of all the other provinces of Canada combined. In 1890, a period just previous to the commencement of the exploitation of the provinces quartz lodes, the total value of mineral productions was \$2,608,000. In 1900, ten years later this had grown to \$16,300,000; while last year the value was \$23,980,000—the greatest yet reached. The value of the mineral productions of all the other provinces combined for the year 1906 was a little over \$31,000,000; the pre-eminence of British Columbia as a mineral producer is, therefore, clearly shown.

GOOD MOVES IN THE IMMIGRANT GAME

YOU may call it by whatever name you wish—inflowing tide, drama of the West, peopling of the plains, or just plain immigration—but the coming of the men and women who are to settle somewhere between the lakes and the Pacific and make new Canadian citizens of themselves, continues to be the same exciting and inspiring game that it was when Canada was new to it. It has been going on now for a good many years, but it has lost nothing in interest while it has gained yearly in intensity. Some of the best moves on the great western checkerboard are yet to be made.

Immigration has now been reduced to a fine art. A system has been evolved by which the inflow of people is regulated and disposed of, and it works with pretty nearly unflinching success. The one thing yet needed is to remember that the new arrivals have feelings and a natural desire to have them considered. There was a lack of this consideration when a colonist train was dispatched from Montreal with a crowd of westbound immigrants, and nothing on board for them to eat.

So many people have been coming to the new country in central Alberta, of which Edmonton is the heart and official distributing point, that there has not been accommodation for them. A new immigration hall was built last year, but both it and the old hall have been constantly filled since the season opened and their guests have overflowed into a village of tents. Ten days is the limit of an immigrant family's stay at these halls, during which time they are supposed to have rested up, gathered their first impressions of the country, and concluded arrangements as to where they are going. Then it is that the real fun of a settler's life begins.

Housekeeping in a canvas tent in an Edmonton vacant lot with more accommodation out-of-doors than indoors, has its novelty and a certain amount of charm. Be it said that there are at the present time about three thousand people in this northern city who are living in tents, and it may be taken for granted that with a population of that kind there are some picturesque picnicking scenes, well charged with human interest. But it is around the tents where the prospective settlers are packing up their newly purchased outfits and starting out on the final stage of their home-seeking wanderings, that a peculiar and particular interest centres. They are the folks who are going to hit the trail.

Beyond Edmonton is the great new country of the North and Northwest. Past the rail, past the real estate boom-shops, past telephone and soda fountains is the land that some call the best and none can show better. If a settler tells you he is going into the Peace River, you look at him admiringly, almost lovingly, for you know that he is going where good things are, where to be a pioneer will ten years hence be no small distinction. If he is going west instead of north into the Pembina or Lobstick country, he is hardly less entitled to your favor, for that is the country of infinite farming and ranching possibilities, and some say of almost certain prospects of gold.

Into both these districts, the Peace River and the Pembina, there has been this year a distinct and significant movement of dead-in-the-earth settlers. It is the real hinterland. No railway touches either district as yet but the



SOME BRITISH WOMEN IMMIGRANTS TO WESTERN CANADA

rail is coming to them both, and that is why men have the courage to go in so early in the game. The Grank Trunk Pacific will traverse the Pembina country and make of it as great a crop-exporting country as northern Saskatchewan, and in two or three years' time there will be a road into the Athabasca and Peace country, if present prospects carry out. And then, when the frontier is shoved back still further the men who have gone in this year, or who went in some time ago, will see the justification of their hopes. The move they made up in the left-top corner of the board will have proved a winner.

In some cases of these newly arrived people, however, desperate hard luck is preceding the better fortune that is sure to be theirs if they hang to it. It doesn't sound at all well to hear such as this: "It was a bad day for me when I started for Canada." But some are saying it, not without reason. By some strange perversity there have been this year a number of cases of families who have come to Edmonton or other immigration centres in the West and have fallen sick, one after the other, have been stricken with death of parents or children, and with it all have been unable to find work at just the time it was most needed. A few tales of real woe are told by some of these victims of a misfortune which is the stranger because it contrasts so strongly with the cheerful prosperity of most newcomers.

The people who are coming this year are largely British. The hordes of funny folk from Everywhere are not going to drown out the Saxon as extensively as it was feared a few years ago. There's a sound in the western air to-day, and it is the sound of the Englishman intoning his opinion of things in general. To those who like things British it is a good sound, and if the opinions thus expressed are a bit immature or off-the-straight, we all know that that will wear away in time. One harvest time and one winter will go a long way to Canadianize an Englishman.

Not so many Americans, is another feature of this season's arrivals. Perhaps we are not to draw quite so many of Uncle Sam's people as we thought. The falling off is very slight and there is still an assured prospect, on the authority of Hon. Frank Oliver, of a large influx from the northern states but the campaign that the railway lines and the land promoters in the mid-southern states are putting forth in opposition to the attractions of Canada will of a surety bear some fruit. Canada will still get as many Americans as she needs, but if there is not so wild a rush as there has been it may be attributed to quite natural causes.

Lots of Japanese in British Columbia and a substantial increase in the Galician population of the prairie provinces are further features of the foreign influx. The Coast does not like the Japs, but there is no law against their coming,

and apparently someone is working overtime to get them across before the law is changed. The West does not particularly love the Galician either, but he is turning out a fairly good type of settler, and is showing a creditable desire to learn English writing and spelling and such like.

A case in point to prove this last statement is that of a Galician farmer in Manitoba who has been in Canada long enough to become a voter and to master in some degree the intricacies of English. He is even a subscriber to the local paper, and in forwarding his subscription to the publisher some time ago he addressed him in euphonic terms as follows:

Aye. Ess Beayearteeohen,
Beohex F.,
Beohhiesseeseevayehien,
Emmayeenhiteehbeaye.

Which, being interpreted, means: A. S. Barton, Box F, Boissevain, Manitoba.

But even the Englishman writes some moving letters at times. Very guileless was the prospective settler who sent a list of inquiries of many pages to the immigration officials in Winnipeg, a part of which is as follows:

"Are there any local peculiarities of temperature or any epidemic or zymotic diseases or pulmonary ailments contractible in Canada? Can I get medical attendance for cattle or human beings? And are there burial districts?"

"Are there hostilities between the various nationalities of settlers or all in one common communion? If I am maltreated or attacked can I notify the governor? Is there adequate transmission of letters? Does the life ruin the constitution? Can I deal in lumber privately?"

But even he was outdone, in at least the number of his inquiries, by a Minnesota man who wrote to the towns' office in Cranbrook, B.C. asking questions that would require several days of time and a bookful of space for the answering. He asked practically everything that could be asked about the town and everything in and around the town, and closed his letter with the remark that he had "fairly succeeded, he thought, in partly covering the ground."

Reminiscences of Joachim.

From P. T. O.

NO one has denied the right of Joachim to be called Paganini's successor, and now that he is dead no one name, even among the great musicians of the day comes readily to the lips as being able to take the place he has left vacant. Joseph Joachim was of Jewish parentage, and was born at Kittsee, in Hungary, seventy-six years ago. His childhood was the childhood of genius, for his love of music was shown almost before he could speak. A writer in the Telegraph relates that he had from the great violinist's own lips this description of his first violin: "When I was between three and four years old," he said, "my mother took me to a country fair held in a neighboring hamlet. It was a Kermesse on a small scale; but, as you know is usual at such local gatherings, cheap musical instruments were to be had in abundance. I brought my mother for some new plaything and she bought me a toy violin, in order to appease my impatience. Upon this instrument I exercised my small fingers so indefatigably, without mercy for its donor or my other relatives, that I taught myself to fiddle pretty fluently before I came to be five years old, at which age I expressed so keen a desire for musical instruction and technical training that my father persuaded the organist of our church at Kittsee to give me lessons in notation and harmony."

Less anecdotes have gathered round the name of Joachim than of most celebrities. He was ever averse from anything in the way of advertising, and the methods of modern fame-making were very distasteful to him. But still a few have been garnered, and from these I choose the following: In appearance Joachim resembles an Englishman, and was frequently mistaken for one. It will be recalled that he wore a lock which hung down over his left eye. On one occasion when he was having his hair cut the operator suggested that this lock should be removed, adding, "If not, sir, you'll be mistaken for a philosopher." Dr. Joachim demurring to the proposal, the barber, shrugging his shoulders, remarked: "Well, sir, you'll be taken for one of them fiddler gents that comes from Germany."

A good story is told of a visit paid to Manchester. After a concert at which there had been enthusiasm rarely surpassed even in Joachim's career, he was walking up and down the railway platform with a cigar. A respectable man, apparently a navy in best clothes, kept intently eyeing him. Presently the man came up, asking for a light, and got it. Looking Joachim full in the face, and tapping him on the shoulder, he remarked: "But, Paganini was the man." "I never felt so small in my life," said Joachim.

And another story of his modesty has for its hero no less a person than Browning. On one occasion he was



Bear Hunting in the Rockies

Tourists at Field, B.C., and Bruin of the Railway Station. The gentleman "getting a light" is Dr. Stewart, Cheshire, Ont.; next to him Mr. E. A. C. McLaughlin, Moose, Sask.; while in the centre stands Mr. J. J. Craig, M.P.P., Pergus, Ont.

at an at home at which Browning also was present. Joachim played during the evening, and, as was not unnatural, the guests were exceedingly anxious to hear him again. The hostess, however, was shy of asking the master for this favor herself, and approached Browning, whom she knew well, with a view to securing his services as ambassador. Browning immediately consented, and crossing over to Joachim communicated his friend's wish. But Browning was not very lucid in conveying his message, and to the disappointment of those in the room Joachim left without playing a second time. As he went down the steps with Browning he said: "Whatever was it you wanted me to do when you came across and talked to me?" "I wanted you to play again," replied Browning. "Well, I couldn't make out what you were driving at. Why ever didn't you say, 'Joey, give us another tune?'"

Aristocracy at Work.

THE unhappiness of the round peg in a square hole and the square peg in a round hole is only equalled by that of the aristocratic pauper or the rich parvenu whose surroundings oppress him much more than those of a bar-room or a stable. This is being strongly felt in England, where people are recognizing the principle which Huxley enunciated as follows:

"The great question seems to me, not how to train our sons to rise above their station, but to secure, if possible, that those whom nature meant, and associations have fitted, to be grooms or music-hall lions, should be insured the career for which they were born."

Commenting in The Fortnightly Review (London) on these words, Mr. T. H. S. Ercott enlarges upon the conditions of things in England, where trade is no longer despised as essentially dishonorable and dishonest, and where a valet is not considered necessarily a varlet. Thus:

"The aspects of our imperial policy as an industrially equalizing and democratizing agency are being progressively felt not only by parents but by sons. Classical Athens and Rome contrived to do very well with no middle class at all. They even conducted an extensive commerce by means of those whom Aristotle calls slaves, but who often corresponded more closely to the bailiffs or factors of our day. Early in the last century the gentlemanly prejudice against engaging in retail trade was not less strong than it had been with the sages and philosophers of old Hellas. To-day it has largely disappeared. Philanthropy prompts some peers to start as publicans. Prudence and hard times forbid their refusing to make a fair profit out of the business. Countesses open book stores in Dover street. The daughters of Anglo-Indian officials or Anglican divines, who take millinery lessons from Piccadilly or Mayfair modistes, have for their fellow students the daughters of bishops and earls. At the south-coast creameries, where special convenience exists for five o'clock tea and small talk, the select host of waitresses may be led by a young lady whose home is the country deanery or the stately mansion just built by retired General FitzPompey, a little inland, but still commanding a view of both the piers and the whole Sussex littoral."

A weekly paper with a small circulation started the limerick competition craze in England a few weeks ago by printing four lines in a well known limerick form. Competitors were asked to supply the fifth line, accompanying it with a coupon and a sixpenny postal order. The success of the scheme was immediate, and other papers and advertisers followed suit the latest prize offered being \$15 a week for life. The demand for sixpenny orders was so great that the postoffice ran short. The normal demand is somewhat less than 100,000 a month. In the month of July 1,300,000 such orders were supplied.



Y.M.C.A. WORKERS AT HIGH PARK, TORONTO

A conference of the employed officers of the Y.M.C.A. of Ontario and Quebec, held Sept. 3rd.

TOP ROW—W. J. Orr, H. A. Pearson, H. H. Hamilton, C. H. Ashby, J. L. Anguish, W. Corcoran, E. M. Thomason, G. H. Williamson, A. Collins, G. N. Elliott, J. W. Ward, W. T. Pitt, A. B. Jackson, P. S. Brock, I. C. M. Coelander, A. Frei Stokes.
SECOND ROW—A. K. Webb, Herbert Moore, S. B. Wilson, J. W. St. Ford, P. J. Le, R. R. Wilson, T. F. Best, David Allen, J. P. Reed, E. P. Duggan, R. Adams.
FRONT ROW—J. W. Hopkins, R. J. Colville, F. G. Hassard, T. D. Patton, A. S. McAllister, J. A. Kuehnle, J. S. Dyer.

Hotel Service in Europe and America.

From Harper's Weekly.

JUST now, when every boat brings people home from Europe, there arises the inevitable comparison between the food here in hotels and that in similar establishments abroad. Tastes differ, and opinion is the more divided, as many persons have a sneaking fondness for a certain style of local cookery that does not recommend itself to big hotel proprietors whose model everywhere is the French kitchen. Eggs and bacon pork and beans, beef and cabbage, excellent things beyond a doubt, are not supposed to harmonize with gilt saloons and the bedevilled English of the modern menu. On one point, though, most people are agreed; that Paris still maintains her reputation as the home of first-class cookery, not perhaps to the extent she did, but yet sufficiently to lead New York and London in the composition, the cooking, and the service of a meal. There is, in fact, much truth in what a traveller said of hotel dinners generally; that the Russian were most plentiful the American the most expensive, the Japanese the most artistic, and the French the best from the strictly culinary viewpoint.

Three considerations make for a good dinner: the cooking, the waiting, and the actual materials. To take the second first, it may be said at once that bad attendance simply kills the other two however good. This personal element is vital. The subtle understanding between waiter, chef, and guest, or middleman, producer and consumer observed in certain places, makes the team run kindly. As witness "William," that king of waiters of immortal memory, at Long's in London. He knew the likes and dislikes of each visitor to whom he ministered instinctively. Here the modern hotel fails. It must. Its patrons come and go without an interest taken in their movements. They bolt their meals to the accompaniment of music that still further deadens their susceptibilities. There is, again, upon the part of the hotel too often a desire to profit by the wines regardless "how they go" with different dishes. A man, of course, may tip before he dines and so make certain of attendance. But even then he cannot reach the cook.

To the chef, who rules their destinies without their knowing it, hotel guests give but little thought. A sawman of French extraction would answer probably, to their idea of him if asked. His personality, in truth, might always have remained a mystery, were he not made to figure, sometimes, in the comic panes. One thing, however he must never do—call himself by an English name—as plain John Brown or Smith would shake all confidence in the establishment once patrons got to hear of it. In France they understand the chef, but even there the big hotel gives him no chance. In places only where the customers are known to him can he exert himself. As in a few old-fashioned Paris restaurants where the service of a special dish requires his presence and becomes a solemn function. "What a lovely morning for the pudding," remarked a waiter once upon the date of the commencement of that filling dainty's season at the London "Cheshire cheese." One laughs at this, and yet the man spoke honestly enough in a spirit utterly unknown to the hotel employee. Railroads especially have been the death-blow to all pride in individual achievement and caused the disappearance of many a local cook of modest fame. Old post-inns for instance, had each a famous dish that, worthy the Tour d'Argent, cast a halo over its birthplace. In short, the cook is human. Appreciation he must have, whether he be chef at the latest built hotel in some big city, or a Meg Dods, keeping up traditions in an old-established house of call.

In food varieties America is well supplied, and her hotels, so far as catering goes, compare most favorably with those abroad. The fault here and in Europe, too of late, lies rather in the service and the cooking. Nor is the remedy, the introduction of the all-important, personal element, an easy one to-day when folks "step lively" and grudge thought on meals.

When the Kaiser Rusticates.

THE Kaiser has been recently so much before the world as an active diplomatic force owing to his meeting with King Edward, that a glance at him in retirement may be interesting from the force of contrast. Cadinen is the name of the house in North Germany where its royal family lives in its homeliest fashion, and where all the ceremony of court life is put aside. The retirement and privacy in which the royal family lives here used to cause great anxiety among those entrusted with the care of their safety. The fact that the neighboring town of Elbing is almost entirely Socialist-Democratic did not tend to decrease their apprehension. The courtiers used always to see that the city was shunned on the journeys to Cadinen. Formerly the Kaiser used to drive several hours up and down hill to Gueldenboden where the royal train awaited him.

The Kaiser objected to this, and a number of armed policemen and detectives were sent from Berlin who, in various disguises, mingled with the people to insure the safety of the Emperor. Even then he was not allowed to take the train at Elbing, but had to go aboard several kilometres from the station. This was too much for the Kaiser, who announced that his courtiers must show more confidence in the population of Elbing, whatever the result might be. Nowadays the royal train brings its passengers into the station, and they mingle with the population of Elbing so freely that the ordinary police of the town are sufficient to insure their safety.

Cadinen is not adapted to large parties, and if the Kaiser is imprudent and invites too many, as he did when the Czar came there two years ago, the officers of the suite have to live in the royal train. It was this large gathering that flustered the Kaiser so much he forgot to kiss his wife good-bye, which was a sorry interruption to the family spirit of this northern retreat. He bade farewell to his children, and was about to give the order for the royal train to start when he suddenly jumped from the coupe and ran to the Empress. "Mother," he said laughingly to her, "there, I was about to forget you entirely, when you are really the most important person here."

It is not generally known that the Sultan of Morocco, with whom France is having so much trouble at the present moment, has French blood in his veins, for he is descended from a Corsican girl, Davia Francheschini, who was captured by Barbary pirates in 1792, says P. T.O. The girl was only about twelve years old when she was sold at Fez to one of the Sultan's ministers, but she was so pretty and so skilful in embroidery work that the Minister thought it wise to make a present of her to his master. The Sultan took her into his harem, and in due time she bore him a son, who afterwards became Sultan of Morocco and the direct ancestor of the actual sovereign. This fact may perhaps account for the very strong leaning which Abd-ul-Aziz has for European ways.

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"How did Jones make all his money?" "Judicious speculation."
"And how did Brown lose his for-
tune?" "Dabbling in stocks."—Cleve-
land Leader.

"When was it that you lived in
San Francisco?" "Three earth-
quakes ago."—Lippincott's.

Killing a Coast Grizzly

By W. F. Burton, in The Western Field

TWELVE bears, of which four were grizzlies, is not a bad record for two weeks' hunt. That is what four of us did this last spring. The party consisted of Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir, of British Columbia, his son-in-law, Major Audain, Robert Barclay and myself. We went north from Victoria on Mr. Dunsmuir's steam yacht, the Thistle, and arrived at the entrance to Gardner's Inlet on the seventh of May. Major Audain and Mr. Barclay went up the Kildala river near Kitimat, while I went on with the governor up Gardner's canal to the mouth of the Kemano river. It is of my trip up that river and of the killing of the largest grizzly I had ever seen that I am going to tell.

Taking with me two Indians, men who knew their country pretty well, we left the boat at one o'clock on the eighth of May. The Kemano is a big stream and it runs very fast. The bed is very wide and the water runs between numerous sandbars. On account of the swiftness of the current we had to adopt the canal method of progression. That is, we hauled our boat up with a stout rope. By eight o'clock in the evening we had only covered about eight miles. Here we decided to camp, and immediately we stopped, the Indians set about getting supper. While doing this they saw, high up on the mountain-side, what certainly looked like a grizzly, but it was beginning to get dusk so we could not be sure.

Next morning it was pouring rain and heavy clouds hung over the spot where our bears were expected to be, so we moved camp, going up the river.

There was not much likely country up the river so we came back to our old camping ground, arriving there again late in the evening. The rain had at last stopped and there was our bear feeding in almost the same place where we had seen him on the previous evening. He was the biggest grizzly we had ever seen. Again we camped within sight of the big fellow and wondered if its hide would decorate our canoe on our return to the yacht.

Four o'clock next morning saw us out with our glasses. There was our new and distant acquaintance out feeding again in the same spot, but that spot was a good two and a half hours' climb from where we were camped and we knew that by the time we go up there he would have finished his morning meal. There was nothing for it but to wait until the afternoon.

At 4 o'clock I crossed the river, taking one Indian with me and leaving the other in camp to signal us when the bear should come out. Previously we had rigged up a white flag. It consisted of an undervest tied to the end of a canoe pole. This the Indian was to wave as soon as he saw the bear come out. If the bear was in the same place he was to wave it in camp. If higher up he would go farther up the river and wave it, if the bear was seen to be lower down he would wave it from a point farther down the river.

Up the mountain side we clambered. It was difficult work pulling ourselves up by the scrub fir that covered the ground everywhere. We kept well to windward of the place we expected bruin to be, and when after two and a half hours of strenuous climbing we had reached the required height we crouched in the thickets, waiting patiently for the waving of the flag.

For half an hour we lay there and then to our joy we caught sight of the flag waving some distance farther up the river from our camp. This meant that we must climb higher, so we stealthily moved upwards, being careful not to tread on a rotten stick or to click our heels against a stone. Slowly but surely we mounted higher until we came out on a little rocky bluff, just the place for our purpose. Peering over, we saw our game two hundred yards below us. We must have passed very near him but he apparently did not suspect that an enemy was in the vicinity, for he was quietly feeding on the scrub willow that was now tender and succulent from the warmth of the spring.

I should like to have got nearer, but here we were on a point of vantage. If we went lower it was plain that we could not see him anything like as well as from here. He was as yet too much hidden from view to get a good shot, and I knew that the bullet of a .303 could be very easily turned even by a willow wand. It was a thrilling time, those few minutes of waiting with the game in sight and within actual shot. We could see his every movement as he munched the



"Policeman, that ruffian took my wife's arm!"
"All right, Sir. We'll search him at the station."—Punch.

juicy morsels. I could even fancy I heard the scraping of the food between his teeth, but perchance my imagination helped me there. We waited five minutes—perhaps ten. I cannot say—and at the end of that time he stepped out of the willows on to the grass. From the valley he had looked big, but now that we were so near we fully realized that we had within reach the biggest thing in grizzlies that we had ever looked on. He was indeed a giant of his kind, and his kind are not usually small.

He was feeding away from us, and as I was looking down on him I was at a disadvantage. As luck would have it my first shot broke his spine and then the great brute started to roll down the mountain-side. After him we ran, bounding through brushwood and over every obstacle. Could anyone have been watching they would have been amused to see the way in which we covered the ground. I am several years beyond the sprinting age but I am sure I chased that grizzly at the rate of about a mile in four minutes. The last we saw of him he was rolling over a little ridge. However it was not difficult to follow, for he cleared a trail wherever he went. Sending the Indian back for our coats I followed and at last came upon him huddled up in a bunch of willows. Again I fired from about eighty yards distance and this again started him rolling. This was repeated until the fifth shot put him out of his misery.

He was a brown grizzly with a short coat similar to most of the coast variety. The Indians said they thought he must be fifty years old, but as I do not know anything about the natural age of a bear I will not venture a guess about this. All I know is that he was an enormous bear, measuring a trifle over nine feet from nose to tail, and when skinned the pelt measured nine feet six inches and weighed eighty pounds without the skull. This is the first trip I have made without a camera and I have never wanted one so badly.

Josef Israels, the Dutch painter, is 83, but he keeps on painting with an industry which might put many a younger man to shame.

His own description of his daily life is:

"Except for the two changes which I take in the year, one in the spring and the other in the autumn, I am always at work. In the summer I remove to my villa at Scheveningen, but to work and not to rest.

"Saturday is of course a day of rest and on that day I am no painter. I rise early every morning, and walk out for exercise from 9 till 10 o'clock. "All weathers are the same to me and equally enjoyable. I work till 1 o'clock, then lunch, and work again from 2 to 5 o'clock. Then another walk and to my club, where I remain until half-past 6 o'clock.

"Then I dine, and mostly spend the evening at home, reading or writing. I never attempt to paint by artificial light. If the winter days are foggy I interrupt my occupation, but as my study in the garden is well lighted I do not often have to give up painting during the day."

The vicar was addressing the school on the subject of truth. He expounded at some length on the wickedness of lying, and before going on to the merits of speaking the truth he thought he would see if the children really understood him. "Now," said he, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"

Immediately a number of small hands shot up. The vicar selected a bright-looking youngster.

"Well, my little man?"
"Please, sir, a lie is an abomination unto every one, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."—Lutheran Observer.

"Why do you call your horse Theodore?" "Can't you see he inter-feres?"—Harper's Weekly.

The Land Where Our Dreams Come True.

Far over some mist-hidden river,
And under a wonderful sky,
Where the rain never blots out the sunshine,
And our loves never weary or die;
Where the flowers never fade—but in changing
Their magical sweetness renew,
Lies a glorified realm of enchantment,
The land where our dreams come true!

By mystical symbols and tokens
We know of that beautiful land;
But alas! on the threshold of manhood
The frail clew slipped out of our hand!
And the wild river wanders between us,

The white gates are hidden from view,
And only in sleep we remember
The land where our dreams come true!

We shall find the lost treasures we seek for
Revealed in that wonderful sphere;
All the aims and the dreams of the bygone,
All the good that eluded us here;
The innocent faiths of our childhood,
The one flawless friendship we knew,
Arrayed in our vanished illusions,
In the land where our dreams come true!

We know in divinest fulfillment,
Our vain hopes are gathered at home;
The jewels we mourn here are hoarded
Where the moth and the rust cannot come,
And oft, when the sunset is fairest,
We catch, through a rift in the blue,
A far-away glimpse of the glories
Of the land where our dreams come true.

There are garnered the prayers of our mothers,
And the soft cradle song that they sung,
There they move in the midst, with white garments,
And faces immortally young!
And out of the mists of that river,
Their sweet hands shall reach us the clew
That leads, through the Valley of Shadow,
To the land where our dreams come true!

So weeping we lay down our idols,
And bury our loves out of sight,
Though we know, in our hearts, we shall find them,
By and by, in the Mansions of Light,
And the salt tears that fall on their ashes
And blossom in pansy and rue,
Over there shall be lilies immortal,
In the land where our dreams come true.

—Emma Alice Brown.

ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS.

On Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st the Grand Trunk will issue round trip tickets at special low rates to the following points: Port Huron, Mich., \$5.10; Detroit, \$6.60; Bay City, Mich., \$7.50; Grand Rapids, Mich., \$9.35; Saginaw, \$7.40; Chicago, Ill., \$12.40; Cleveland, Ohio, (via Buffalo and C. & B.) \$6.35; Cleveland, O., (via Detroit and D. & C.) \$9.10; St. Paul and Minneapolis, \$28.40 and \$31.90. Returning on or before Monday, Oct. 7th, 1907. Full information and tickets at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets.

Now that the motor car has invaded Borneo, circus people will find it an easy matter to run across any number of wild men there.—Washington Post.

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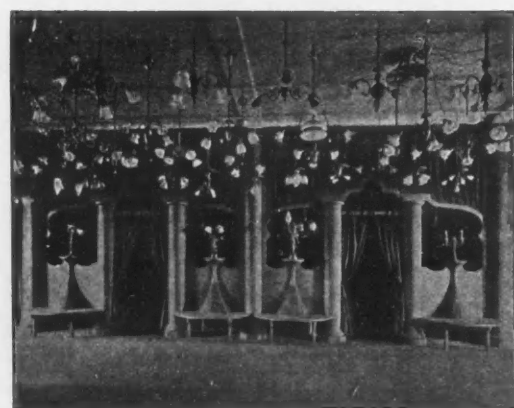
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Lady Gay's Column

HERE are certain places on this good and beautiful earth, which I find very responsive. Though they may be neither good nor beautiful. One is a certain grim grey rock, that runs out into salt water, looking, in early morning, which is the only hour I've ever seen it until this year, anything but hospitable. away down there at the east side of Cabot Straits. But to me it is a dear old rock, and I greet it with a lightness of the heart and a gaiety of the soul, because it is the beginning of that island I've grown to love so well, strong, rocky, sturdy Newfoundland. Even as I grumble at the fine mist of rain, and revile the customs, and say sharp things to the cross tourists I am looking with a sort of tender welcome at my homely old rock, and whispering: "Sure I don't mean the half I'm saying, and you know it." No ingratiating sloping beach, nor pretty wooded hillsides are here. 'Tis indeed a lonely port, and nature was unkind to it, but for me, it seems to send out some sort of grim grumbling welcome, as the land we love always does. The train stands leisurely awaiting the chalking of the last portmanteau, the relocking of the last big trunk, the porter, with a welcoming grin, is ready to take one into a car which discounts Providence, because it's so reassuringly obvious it's like coming home somehow, when I stand on the big rock and shake my head and say joyously: "I'm going round by the boat this time, and coming back across country." And so, with an unwilling hauling of herself together the train rolls off and I am all alone on the big rock, to tell it how glad I am to see its homely old profile once more.

It's five summers ago since the kind old captain was good to me, but he hasn't forgotten, and when before noon it's "Sail away my hearties," we are exchanging items of news some of which are aged, but interesting, and agreeing that both of us never looked better. About this same old seadog, who knows every rock and current and harbor and shoal on the west coast, they tell a quaint yarn. Though an acknowledged "blue ribboner" as a sailor, of vast knowledge and perfect judgment, the mariner has never passed the usual qualifying examinations, which came about in this wise: Friends who knew his worth and his temper succeeded in inducing him to go before the board of examiners, accompanying him, to encourage and perhaps restrain him under fire. With some impatience the trusty mariner answered various questions put by the members of the board, though his attitude was rather of irritation at their tenor. Then just as his friends were breathing easily, an impressive personage gave him a fixed stare and thus accosted him: "Suppose, sir, that you were sailing by a dangerous shore, at dead of night, half a gale blowing and a driving snow storm hiding the land, and supposing your propeller broke, and the ship wouldn't answer your making sail, and (very impressively) supposing you were driving on the rocks, sir, what would you do?" As these various items of bad luck and poor seamanship were gravely piled up, the hardy mariner's face became a study of raging impatience and he brought his great fist down with an angry crash on the table and shouted: "Dang her, I'd let her drive!" And so, they wouldn't give him his certificate, as may be supposed.

Very soon after we bid adieu to my friendly big rock, one of the little tragedies of mortality met us. We anchored outside a poor harbor, while the "mail man" was rowed ashore, and as we awaited his return, a broad-bellied boat came riding the waves, sculled and rowed by three men, and across her thwarts lay a narrow oblong box done up in wrapping papers. The bishop, who hung over the rail with me, swooping funny stories, straightened up. "Tis poor little Katie," said he, nodding gravely. "She died here, and her brothers are bringing her home on their boat." 'Twas a slidy, slippery transit for Katie's little body, as the boat dived and rose, for there had been high winds, as the sea was telling us, but finally the pitiful small box was tenderly hoisted on deck, and the stewards and stewardess were talking of the trip little Katie had made only a few weeks before, to the out-port, where death had caught her unaware. By and by we anchored

outside another poor harbor, and another wide boat came out to carry the body to its burial among its own folk. When we sailed away, we saw that people were awaiting the coming of little Katie, a minister in his black and a handful of relatives and friends, and they carried her up the hillside on a rude bier, to some sheltered nook in which they leave their dead. "Tis good luck," says the head steward, "for the corpse to go over water." "So the Scotch told me, at Vennacher," said I reminiscently. "But Katie hasn't been lucky, to die at sixteen." "Iss sir, sure her be—sure, her were all gone wi' consump—were Katie," spoke up the little cabin boy. "Consumption," scourging our people surely," said the bishop regretfully. "It is so hard to make them fight it. They are almost exasperatingly resigned." And then, the charm of the sun and the sea and the ever varying shore came upon us once more, and we forgot Katie.

"Queer things do certainly happen at weddings," said the bishop. "A priest of mine was marrying a couple, and concluded with a small sermon on their duties to one another. 'And if you are considerate and kind and you are loving and faithful and obedient, you should be happy. I wish you may and that you may live to see your children and your children's children grow up around you!' concluded the good priest. And the bridegroom, shaking the hand of the 'father,' responded heartily. 'Thank you, kindly, father, and the same to you, sir, the same to you!'"

Hermitage Bay, the sweetest spot on the south shore, and Pushthrough, (narrow as the way of salvation!) and here's a story from there: "The schoolmistress, being pressed with work, got a maiden from 'back beyond' to help about her tidy little domain. At luncheon hour she introduced the girl to a frying pan, and requested her to fry a couple of eggs in it for her meal. Biddy was anxiously shaking them round in the pan in their shells, when the schoolmistress looked out to see how luncheon was progressing. "Biled" cod, and biled everything else was all Biddy knew about, and the preparatory ceremony to frying eggs had not occurred to her.

Tourists are queer things! All the days we skirted the beautiful south coast, from Port aux Basques to Placentia, a tourist sat reading, when he wasn't asleep or ill. It was a positive shock to me to find he was going round the shore for the first time. And whenever even looked at it. Quel gout! Just one more stop I remember, at Grand Bank, where there are so many youngsters at evenings to see the boat come to anchor, that I was fain to follow the mail man into his shore-going boat, to have a closer look at them. Jolly, sturdy youngsters, modest rosy maidens, a policeman of whom the tiniest urchin was not the least afraid, and the small old mail man and I trudging up the hill to the post office. Coming back, he had business in a shop, and that settled, he turned to me with a very gallant air and enquired: "Now, what sort of candy suits you best?" waving his hand generously toward the gumdrops, bull's-eyes and brandy-halls arranged in the window. He cheerfully accepted my assurance that I never ate candy, but stood ready to buy some for me, should I be willing to indulge! And once again we met the tragedy of the sea, when stumbling, stunned by grief, arrayed in some rusty borrowed crape, a woman was huddled into the boat, with three tiny babies, and rowed to the ship. "Poor soul," said the stewardess. "She lost her man a day or two since. He was struck by the crane, loading a vessel, and went down and they never got him!" Down into the steerage, clasping her baby, murmuring to Nellie to mind wee Alice, the distraught ashy-faced widow was gently guided, broken with the heavy hand of death. Of course we found her out, before bedtime and heard her faltering tribute to "the good man he was to me," and admired wee Nellie, sleeping in rosy beauty, with her fat arm protectively over wee Alice, and all did what was possible with kind, hopeful words and bits of silver to be human. A protest will come from my unregenerate heart, when I meet this sort of tragedy—the breaking up of the clean, decent home and the casting a woe begone woman and her babies on the charity of the world.

Mrs. Goodheart—So you won't chop the wood? The Hobo—No, lady, I'm a kleptomaniac. I'm afraid I might steal some of it.—Harper's Weekly.

"Money is the root of all evil." "Yes, and it grows best by the grafting process."—Baltimore American.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Eshie.—Don't take it so lightly. Bad spelling is a serious drawback. I don't see how it could be overlooked in a secretary. Your remark that thank goodness, you don't have to "urn" your living, and so can spell as you please is too fatuous to be replied to. Illiteracy is a state in which no self-respecting person will remain if he can help it.

Jocelyn.—This is an independent, thoughtful and tenacious person, practical, not very keen on beauty or super-refinement, but artistic and strong in feeling and expression. Truth, uprightness, caution, good sequence of ideas, some ambition but little initiative, the love of power and judicious use of influence. You are probably a creature of habit and very orderly and methodical. It is a strong study and commands respect. March 22 brings you under Aries, a fire sign, of which great development can be made.

Raffles.—Concentration, great emphasis of opinion, bright intellectuality an optimistic temperament, large ambition, great affection, some indiscretion of speech, facility in stating your convictions and care for detail. July 28 brings you also under a fire sign, Leo—which rules from July to August. You may easily be a very ardent type, and should be careful to distinguish between real inspiration and a lower type of impulse. The Leo development may be so lofty or so base. It is a wonderful sign.

Clara H.—As this is written on your birthday (mine too!) permit me to wish you many happy returns. I am sorry you've had to wait so long. Your writing shows quite a number of pleasant traits: generosity, good temper and a clear and sensible scheme of thought. You love beauty, harmony, and will probably be popular and flattered. You are young and your writing should be greatly modified in the next few years. Yes, your natal day brings you under Piro, an earth sign, and you have the warm heart and open hand of its true development.

Jim Williams.—This is a very conventional and copybook specimen with the deliberate and careful handling of a business or commercial training. Natural grace and pleasantness, optimism, care and harmony, are indicated. You will not be likely to make a stir in the world, but your own vicinity will probably be the better for your influence. You need some pruning of fruitless schemes, some girding of your mental lines, a bit more snap and you'd be a fine study. There is a good deal of care for appearances and a wish to make the best of yourself. Oct. 30 brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, which rules from Oct. 23 to Nov. 23.

Alys.—Your study shows good sequence of ideas, and a careful method. There is some initiative, amenability, susceptibility and adaptability. June 9 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign. There are suggestions of the proverbial indecision and unrest which sometimes mar that sign, but which are fortunately not so disastrous in a woman as a man, the latter being more frequently called upon for important and final decision.

Brownie.—A sensitive, feminine, bright and ingratiating specimen, full of susceptibility and tenderness, care for detail and love of dainty and pretty surroundings. You are not close mouthed, taking in fact, such a vivid interest in most things that you naturally speak of them. Dec. 26 brings you under Capricorn, the goat, an earth sign, one particularly mindful of *les convenances* on all occasions.

H. Farquhar.—I had quite forgotten "the duel" until your letter was opened, and even now have only a vague remembrance of it. Wasn't it something very French, and hadn't the doctor a false pointed beard and a very pompous starchy manner? I never try to remember plays that don't appeal to me; as for comic opera, it is forgotten before I get home! I don't believe in continual strife in one's soul. They tell one it's inevitable, but don't you believe

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everything you hear, my girl. I never "argue internally"—as a lady described the strife you mention between philosophy and inspiration. Did you by any chance require a delineation of your writing?

A. C. B.—No, the usual characteristics are not very marked, but there are many strong, fine traits. February 8 brings you under Aquarius, the sign of splendid possibilities, great achievements and great failures. You have the dominant touch and lots of magnetism, adaptability, energy and impulse, but calm consideration, patience, judgment, long thoughts and self-restraint are wanting. Now don't you think a real good nurse needs these? You are quite charming, anyhow.

Frix.—January 28, Aquarius, ruling from Jan. 20 to Feb. 19, an air sign, eloquent, talented, sympathetic, gifted above the ordinary and often so wasteful and careless of those gifts. You are not that sort, being very unlikely to let good chances slip for want of grasping. You have a very strong love of power and ability to use it, great feeling, observation and receptiveness. Life and action, achievement and success appeal very strongly to you. I think you can be swayed emotionally, and like life and wine full flavored. Self-reliance and pride are suggested.

The beautiful effects now being produced in photography are mainly due to the use of carbon and platinum papers. The skill in handling these, however, is mainly responsible. The Dutch Studio, 318 Yonge street, are showing some splendid examples of

this work, having a trained staff of ten artists producing carbon and platinum photographs. That their work is being appreciated by those who know real merit in artistic photography, it is only necessary to say that sittings have to be secured a week in advance. The great increase in the business of the studio will shortly render it necessary to remove to larger quarters on King street west, the exact location of which will be stated later.

E. Phillips Oppenheim has been explaining to an interviewer the manner in which he devises his plots. "I have made it a hobby for many years," he says, "to frequent the cafes in all the cities which I visit on my travels. I make the acquaintance of the maitre d'hotel whenever possible, and in my conversation with him, and by studying the types represented among the patrons, a good idea for a story inevitably suggests itself. The rest is comparatively easy." It is nice to know just how the thing is done.

"Me father," said Mrs. Murphy, "always gets up when a lady enters the room." "The old man is too suspicious," Mr. Murphy grunted; "I never seen the woman yet that 'ud be mane enough to hit ye when ye was sittin' down."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Caller—So sorry to hear of your motor accident.
Enthusiastic Motorist—Oh, thanks; it's nothing. Expect to live through many more.
Caller—Oh, but I trust not.—Home Magazine.

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The fact that a Zoological Garden is about to be installed at Pekin by order of the Chinese Emperor leads to the rumor that His Majesty is now about to make experiments in constitutional government.—Punch.

The DRAMA

JAMES T. POWERS and his big musical company will begin a week's engagement in "The Blue Moon," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next Monday night. This musical comedy has been running in England for two years and its Americanized version was very successful one full season at the New York Casino, and this season on the road. The company is large and particularly clever both from the singing and the dancing standpoint, and the music will be heard to its best advantage. Every effort has been made to have this engagement the peer of any musical attraction that will visit Toronto this season; and taken altogether the advanced promises made regarding "The Blue Moon" may be expected to be realized.

The story of the play concerns the happenings of a British regiment stationed in Central India, and the endeavors of several of the members of this organization to find a little English girl who has been kidnapped many years before. This is the principal theme of the play, and strangely enough, Mr. Powers' part is the main portion of what might be termed a secondary story for his actions during the entire play, concern his endeavors to ingratiate himself into the graces of a young lady who demands of her ideal that he be a hero, a soldier and an elocutionist. Power's expressive face and his explosive little giggle, together with his many mannerisms, his wabbly voice, his inability as a dancer and his rapidity of speech, all fit into the role excellently. He is ably assisted by Clara



Evelyn Frances Kellogg
Who has a leading part in "The Gingerbread Man" at the Princess, during the first half of next week.

evenings following the engagement of "The Gingerbread Man." The engagement will be one of unusual interest because it will serve to introduce to local theatregoers a new star in the person of Mr. Carl Eckstrom, a player of quality who will be seen here in the role of David. The company is an especially strong one, and includes Mr. Charles Kent and Miss Helen Holmes. "The Shepherd King" will be remembered for its gorgeous mountings and the production this year is said to be unusually elaborate. The advance sale for the engagement of "The Shepherd King" opens at the Princess on Monday morning.

One of the most pleasing of this season's offerings at the Grand will be the appearance next week of Miss Grace Cameron, the dainty comic opera star, who will make her initial bow in C. H. Kerris' latest musical production, entitled "Little Dolly Dimples." In this role Miss Cameron has ample opportunity to display all her versatility as a vocalist, actress, and delineator of child characters, and this is said to be the strongest role, musically and dramatically that Miss Cameron has yet appeared in.



Helen Holmes
Leading woman with Wright Lorimer's "The Shepherd King," which comes to the Princess Theatre during the latter part of next week.

Palmer, who plays opposite to the star role. This young lady is a captivating actress, besides being the possessor of a very pleasing soprano voice, and her work, just like Mr. Powers, never descends below the highest form of the singing-actor's art.

Mr. Powers has as his comedy assistant Phil H. Ryley. Other members of the company are Frank Farrington, B. Phoenix, Robert Broderick, Marion Jacques, Leslie Lehigh, La Noveta, the toe dancer, and the big Shubert beauty chorus.

"The cleanest-cut, one of the cleverest, and by all means the most entrancing of all musical comedies," is the way in which a local critic spoke of "The Gingerbread Man," the new musical comedy fantasy by Ranken and Sloane, which has already paid two visits to Toronto, and which will be seen here at the Princess Theatre during the first half of next week.

The cast is an all star one, with such names as Evelyn Kellogg, Ross Snow, Margaret Savori, Garrick Major, Nellie Nice, Fred Nice, Annie Dressler, J. H. Holden, Fannie Martine, Lute Vrohman, James H. Litcher, John Sanders and Frank Mansfield as part of the complement. The scenic environment is on an unusually massive scale, while the costumes and chorus have already become famous. The chief characters in "The Gingerbread Man" are old friends of theatregoers, and amongst them are friends Simple Simon, Peter Piper, Margery Daw, and Kris Kringle.

Wright Lorimer's fine production of "The Shepherd King" will be given at the Princess for the three

specialty. A big bevy of show girls, a pony ballet, male and female chorus and an augmented orchestra are features of this performance.

The Rose De Haven Septette, a beautiful musical act presented by seven pretty girls, will be the headline feature act next week at Shea's Theatre. Another feature of the bill will be the Camille Trio, with their burlesque bar act. Others on the bill are: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes, Warren and Blanchard, Macartes' Monkey Circus, Carson and Willard, Johnson and Wells, and Louise Barnum. The kinetograph will present new, interesting pictures.

"The Road to Yesterday," a fanciful comedy, smart, and bearing the stamp of originality, which was one of last season's successes in New York, has been presented at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week. In the first act a group of friends meet in a modern London studio on Midsummer Eve, when wishes are said to come true. Miss Minnie Dupree, the clever little star, as Elspeth, an American girl, tired by a day's sight-seeing, goes to sleep. And then is given her dream. She finds herself in the England of three hundred years ago, her friends all being what they might have been in that distant time. There is some pretty love making, a bit of melodrama is introduced, and all the time Miss Dupree is naively humorous. The play indirectly satirizes the romantic drama. Taken altogether it is quite charming. The company is a good one.

The play at the Princess this week, "The Boys of Company B," with John Barrymore in the leading role, is providing excellent entertainment, and meeting with success. Young Mr. Barrymore is a natural comedian. His work promises well for his future success. The entire cast is excellent.

Those who have visited the New York Casino and witnessed the performance of "The Blue Moon" will recall the little cap that Jimmie Powers wears perched on one side of his head, and incidentally that brilliant red hair, which is his crowning glory, is a wig. It is a very hard matter to keep an ordinary hat on when wearing a wig, but with such a little cap it was an absolute impossibility, therefore Powers had to invent a way to make the cap retain its position. The only correct solution was to pin the hat on, and the only pins that would answer the purpose were the large costume pins, which are about three inches long and very necessary in theatricals. At the beginning of the season Powers bought a box of one hundred of these pins. He pinned on the cap and everything was lovely. But the next night he had no pins because the different girls of the company, learning that he had these very necessary articles in his dressing room, all came up and borrowed some. The result was that before he could go on he had to send out and buy some. The next night these were all gone, and so on for several nights until Powers gave absolute refusal of the pins. Then they proceeded to work his dresser and finally took to stealing them. This sort of thing got on Powers' nerves and in sheer desperation he sent out and got twelve dozen boxes. He presented every soul in the company, from the manager to the call-boy, with a box of pins, requesting that in the future they would please leave him alone. At present Powers has the second large batch of pins on hand and if anybody even suggests pins he hands them a full box. He claims he does this in self defence, for as far as he can see it is the only way possible to have a pin with which to fasten his cap. Mr. Powers is touring under the direction of Sam S. & Lee Shubert, and will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra Theatre all next week.



James T. Powers
This photograph shows the clever comedian in a characteristic pose. He appears at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week in "The Blue Moon."

New York Life says: With the opening of the season comes the news of the death of Mr. Richard Mansfield. Life has never shared the estimation of Mr. Mansfield as an actor which endowed him with greatness in the belief of an undeniably large following, nor has it credited him with an unselfish and self-effacing devotion to the profession in

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Grace Cameron
In "Little Dolly Dimples," the attraction at the Grand next week.

which his name has gained such prominence. Whatever he did, however, he did lavishly, and on a scale unusual to-day on the legitimate stage. In eccentric characterization he was at his best, and his name will survive longest in connection with roles which he apparently considered unworthy of his powers.

Mark Twain is such a many-sided man that anyone can find some whim or fancy or hobby of his to admire. This bit of gossip from Life will ingratiate him with cat-lovers:

According to that amiable chronicler, The Lounger, Mark Twain has not yet seen his Italian villa, a building in Connecticut, "and he does not intend to see it, he tells me, until the house is built and furnished, the fires lighted, and the cat purring on the hearth."

Three cats, please—unless Mr. Clemens means to economize in the matter of fireside sphinxes. In his present temporary quarters in Tuxedo he rejoices in the rental of a feline trio of good breeding and gentle ancestry which abhor back fences and moonlight debauches, and which have never been known to lift their voices above a polite purr. The reason Mr. Clemens rents cats instead of owning them outright is because of his ten-

der heart and unsettled abode. When it comes to dogs, it is quite a different matter. Like Andrew Lang, Mr. Clemens will have none of them. Not only do they delight in the vociferous and aggressive traits ascribed to them by the late Mr. Watts, but even in their affectionate moods they are addicted, as everybody knows, to a habit of pawing that is especially obnoxious to one who wears pure white trousers. It is all very well for Maurice Maeterlinck to rhapsodize: "We are alone, absolutely alone on this chance planet and, amidst all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us." A pretty bit of sentiment, no doubt, yet we have always sympathized with that state of mind expressed by the doubting German when reassured that, "The dog won't harm you. His bark is worse than his bite." "Yah," quoth the Teuton, earnestly. "You know dot and I know dot. But does the dog know it?"

A profound question that probably perplexes Mr. Clemens as well. Moreover, whatever the bite, the bark is bad enough. "I never saw but one dog that I would care to own," said the author of "Tom Sawyer," the other day. "That dog was in a zoo in New Zealand. It was a barkless dog, and there are only five others like it. I was told, in the whole world."

With Mr. Clemens it is a case of "Love me, love my cats."

The Sultan received his guest most graciously. After a moment's conversation the young American said: "I should like especially to see your collection of iades." "Certainly," responded his majesty. "The harem is the first door to the right."

He—They say apple pie without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze. Do you believe it?
She—I'm not prepared to judge: I've never had a kiss without a squeeze.—Philippine Gossip.

Constable (to street performer who is trying to free himself after having been hopelessly tied up by bluejacket)—Now, then; move on there.—Punch.

We should not show all our faults at once to the woman who loves us—that is, if we desire to have her keep on loving us.—Life.

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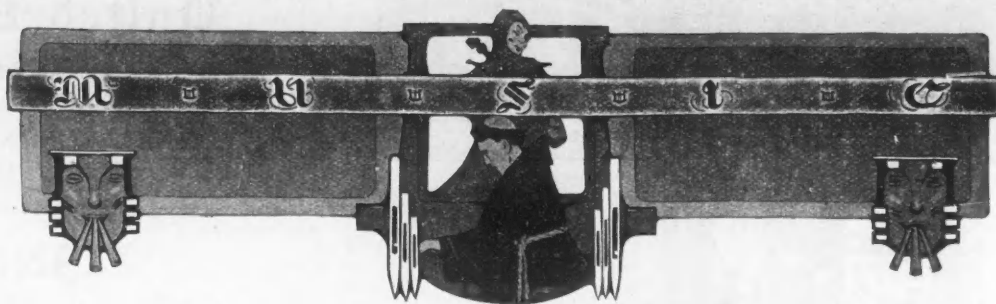
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By the death of Edvard Hagerup Grieg, which took place at Bergen, Norway, on September 4, the world has lost the greatest composer who lived into the twentieth century. Grieg lived long enough to find himself the most popular composer of his day. He won the affections of the musical public by virtue of his gift of melody—a gift that does not seem to have been bestowed on late modern composers. He devoted the greater part of his life to the development of Scandinavian music, and his works have in consequence a pronounced characteristic national flavor. He has written a number of exquisite lyrics, among which may be mentioned as specially in request the "Ich Liebe dich" and the "Solvej's Lied" from the Peer Gynt suite. Grieg was born at Bergen, June 15, 1843. His early lessons in music were given him by his mother, who was a talented pianist. He was then sent to the Leipsic conservatory and studied under Moscheles, Richter, Hauptman, Reinecke and Wenzel. In 1863 he continued his studies under Gade. In 1867 he founded a choral society at Christiania, which he conducted till 1880. He visited England three or four times and was received in London with great enthusiasm. He composed a large number of works, mostly in the smaller forms.

Miss Ethel Shepherd has returned from London and Paris and has resumed her teaching at the Conservatory of Music.

Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, who is sailing by the Saxonia, to arrive the 26th inst., is to go immediately to Worcester, where she is to be one of the soloists at the annual musical festival. It is expected that her tour from October to April will extend to the Pacific coast, and it will include appearances with all the great orchestras of the country.

August Wilhelmj has returned to town and has commenced his teaching at his studio, 687 Spadina avenue.

Mr. H. Glanville West announces that he has removed his studio from 74 Henry street to 11 Victor avenue, and will resume teaching of organ, piano and theory. Mr. West comes of a musical family, being a nephew of Dr. Ebenezer Prout, the greatest living musical theorist. In Mr. West's studio at 11 Victor avenue is a two manual pipe organ of which he is the builder, and on which practice may be obtained.

The full musical arrangements for the service which will be held at Convocation Hall, University Buildings, not Massey Hall, as announced last week, to welcome the Bishop of London, are now complete, and under the charge of Dr. Albert E. Ham, assisted by the St. James' Cathedral choir, will be of a very pleasant and simple nature. Two hymns will be sung, viz., "Fight the Good Fight" and "O God our help in Ages past." The apostles' creed will be recited, and a few collects will be read by Bishop Reeve, Assistant Bishop of Toronto. The bishop will be introduced by Archbishop Sweatman, and after His Lordship has spoken, a vote of thanks will be proposed by the Bishop of Niagara, seconded by Premier Whitney. The proceedings will close after the episcopal benediction with "God Save the King." All the heads of the Toronto colleges, together with the presidents of the local ministerial associations, have been invited. To-morrow (Sunday) will be a quiet day, but the bishop may perhaps attend the service at the down town cathedral at night.

Mr. William Shakespeare, Jr., announces he will give a scholarship to the value of \$80 on September 14 and 16. All applications must be sent in prior to these dates, to his studio, 81 Bloor street west.

Miss Clara Stiles goes to New York to continue her studies, and has consequently resigned her position as soprano soloist of Knox Presbyterian church.

Over seventy concerts have been booked for Paderewski by his manager, C. A. Ellis, of Boston. The

great pianist will arrive in America toward the end of October and will remain until May. His present plan is to play not oftener than three times a week and his tour has been arranged with this in view, but the demand for him from all parts of the country has been so far from satisfied that he may be induced, after his arrival, to play some additional times.

Beginning Sept. 17, Mrs. Alfred Jury, of Buffalo, will be in her studio at the Bell Piano Company's ware-rooms on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, to receive vocal students.

Miss Jean Drummond, of Palmerston, a pupil of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, and a very promising singer, has recently accepted the position of soprano soloist at Knox Church, Guelph. Miss Drummond has a mezzo voice of excellent quality and ample range, and she sings with commendable taste and expression.

Mr. F. G. Killmaster, B. A., one of our rising Canadian musicians, has been appointed organist and choir-master of the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor street, and will



enter on his duties in the course of the coming week. Mr. Killmaster is an Arts graduate of Toronto University, and for the past two years has held the professorship of music at Upper Canada College, and has been assistant organist to Dr. Albert Ham, of St. James' Cathedral.

J. M. Sherlock, tenor vocalist, is advertised to sing in Brampton on the 20th inst., at the reception to be tendered the Peel Old Boys.

Mrs. Mildred Walker, who has been spending her vacation in New York and Nyack-on-the-Hudson, has returned to the city, and resumed teaching at her studio, 30 Lowther avenue, and in Hamilton every Tuesday at 12 South Wellington street.

Mr. W. F. Pickard rendered some very telling selections, which were very much appreciated by the large congregations that assembled in Bloor street Baptist church last Sunday. In the morning the pieces played were: Romance in D flat, Lemens, and the Grand March from "Ada." Shelley. The choir was heard to advantage in the anthem, "Sing Alleluia Forth," Dudley Buck. At evening the prelude was taken from Wagner's "Parsifal," and the postlude was Meyerbeer's "Schiller March." Mr. Rhyn Jamieson sang the solo, "Crossing the Bar," and the choir rendered the anthems, "Now the Day is Over" and "Lead Kindly Light."

Mr. Blakeley played the following organ selections for the benefit of Exhibition visitors after last Sunday evening's service at Sherbourne street Methodist church: Sonata, Felix Borowski (Russian); Schiller March, Meyerbeer; variations for harpsichord, The Harmonious Blacksmith, Handel; andantino, Lemare; the "Storm" fantasia, Lemens. The attendance was so large that many were content to remain standing throughout.

The first practice of the season of the Toronto Oratorio Society was held on Tuesday evening in the Gerhard Heintzman Music Hall. The attendance was exceedingly gratifying and the music was taken up most enthusiastically. From now on these practices will be held each Tuesday

evening, and special practices for the parts will be begun at once. The present membership totals about 300, and singers wishing to become members should communicate immediately with the conductor, J. M. Sherlock, at his studio, 15 King street east.

Mr. Schuch's opera singers will resume the rehearsal of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" on Monday evening.

The Toronto Oratorio Society, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, conductor, will begin the season's practice on Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, in the music hall of Gerhard Heintzman Piano Co., 97 Yonge street. It is expected the chorus will number at least 300, as there have been numerous additions to the membership since last season. The works to be produced are "The Creation" and Alfred Gaul's historical work, "Joan of Arc." The annual concerts of the society will be held in Massey Hall on the last Wednesday and Thursday evenings of January. A nominal membership fee of \$1.00 is charged to defray expenses and all singers are invited to join.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson has returned from a six weeks' outing in the Muskoka district and is resuming his class at the Toronto Conservatory of Music next week.

The longevity of musicians in general and violinists in particular, long has been a subject of comment. Lady Halle will, in a few months, reach her seventieth year. When she was in London recently she was the soloist in one of the Philharmonic concerts and played the Mendelssohn concerto, the same work she performed with the same orchestra (although, of course, not with the same instrumentalists) fifty-eight years ago. The skillful way in which she played the Mendelssohn masterpiece was commented upon by the London music critics. Lady Halle, the widow of the late Sir Charles Halle, is a member of the famous Neruda family. Her sister, Amalie, the pianist, was three years her senior, and her brother, Victor, the cellist, two years her senior. The three made their debut in England, April 30, 1849, in the old Princess Theatre. Wilhelmine played Ernst's "Carnaval de Venise." In a concert in the same place a few weeks later the violinist performed De Beriot's second concerto. Lady Halle shows an astonishing preservation of her violinistic powers. Her technic seems unimpaired and her intonation remains true. This cannot be affirmed of any other violinist who is within ten years of this remarkable woman's age.

The conservatory at Milan now bears the name of Giuseppe Verdi, who, as a youth, was refused admission to its classes on the ground that he had no musical talent. The conservatory will celebrate its one hundredth birthday next year, with the aid of the city fathers, who are planning various festivities. Furthermore, the publisher, Sonzogno, offers two prizes to be awarded on this occasion: one of \$600 for a symphony in four movements; the other, of \$400 for a choral work. All students of the conservatory may compete for these.

Man moves in a mysterious way, his blunders to perform.—The Philistine.

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FOR many weeks an irritable merchant had been riveted to his bed by typhoid fever. Now he was convalescing. He clamored for something to eat, declaring that he was starving.

"To-morrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor. The merchant realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite, yet he saw, in vision, a modest steaming meal placed at his bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the glowing patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bed-chamber. "Nurse," breathed the man, heavily, "I want to do some reading, bring me a postage stamp."

THE Grand Vizier approached the throne, quaking with suppressed laughter.

"Contemtpuous Cur of the Dog Star," roared the Sultan, "why do you dare to bubble with unseemly mirth in my radiant presence?"

"I crave pardon, Most Enlightened of All Lights," replied the Grand Vizier. "I informed the ladies of the harem that you were going to behead them. They were terribly scared."

The Sultan laughed loud and long. He soon recovered his dignity, however, and ordered that the Grand Vizier be executed.

"It isn't pleasant," he remarked casually; "but I'm sick and tired of these harem-scarem fellows."

EDWIN MARKHAM was one of the guests of honor at a reception given by a wealthy New York woman whose admiration for literary and artistic people is far greater than her intimate acquaintance with their books and pictures. During a conversation she said:

"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for years to meet you and tell you how I just love that adorable picture of yours—the one with the man hoeing, you know—and he taking off his cap, and that poor wife of his—at least I suppose it's his wife—bowing her head, and they both look so tired, poor things. I have a copy of it in my own den, and the children have another in their playroom and it's—it's—simply exquisite."

"The Angelus," I presume you mean?" replied the poet, gravely.

"Yes," doubtfully, "but we always call it 'The Hoe Man!'"

"I am glad you like it, madam," said Mr. Markham, and he took an early opportunity of escaping from his sincere but mistaken admirer.

THE Professor of English in a certain college is noted for being very absent-minded. It is his custom to call the roll each morning before the lecture. One morning, after calling a name to which there was no response, he looked up and, peering over his spectacles, he asked sharply:

"Who is the absent boy in the vacant chair I see before me?"

IN the small compartment for smokers at the rear end of a train going out of a certain town a few weeks ago sat three commercial travellers, and an old farmer whose dilapidated exterior made very plausible the story he told the conductor.

"I'm only a poor lone man," he said, with tears in his eyes. "I haven't a cent in the world. But my daughter is dying—here he almost broke down—and I want to see her. Please don't put me off. It's only sixty miles."

"Nothing doing," said the conductor, though with a touch of pity. "Orders are orders. You'll have to get off at the first station."

"It's all right, conductor," said one of the drummers. "I'll pay for him. How much?" And he drew a roll of bills.

"Not on your life!" cried the farmer; "thank you just the same, though." And, drawing out his own rather substantial roll, he paid his fare. The conductor grinned, and passed on.

"Gentlemen, I owe you an explanation," said the farmer to his astonished companions. "Five years ago this darn railroad ran over one of my cows—ran over her in broad daylight, before witnesses. I sued the company for forty dollars, but their cussed lawyers beat me out of it. Since then I've been trying to get my forty every way I could, and by hook or crook, I've beat 'em out of thirty-seven of it. It was the other three I was tryin' for just now."

A CERTAIN enthusiastic motorist and a party of friends went over an embankment in an automobile a while ago.

Nobody was hurt, and the immediate problem was how to get the machine back. A man came along in a runabout.

"How much power have you?" asked the owner of the ditched machine.

"Forty horse-power," said the runabout owner proudly.

"Hitch on, and pull this machine up on the road."

The runabout was hitched on and started full speed ahead. It did not budge the bigger machine in the ditch.

A farmer, driving a pair of sleek mules, came along. He watched the efforts of the little machine. "Huh," he said; "you fellows need mule power." And he hitched on and pulled the machine up in two minutes.

A WELL-KNOWN club man was married during the early days of the past winter to a charming college girl, who, of her many accomplishments, is proudest of her cooking.

The husband returned late one afternoon to his home, to discover that his wife was "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," came from hubby, in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit. So, early this morning, I went to the market to get you one. I meant to surprise you with a broiled rabbit for dinner; but I'm afraid you'll have to take something else. I've been hard at work on the rabbit all day, and I haven't got it more than half-picked."

THE manager of a wild animal show was so unfortunate as to lose by death the only lion in his collection. After trying in vain to replace the loss, he finally secured an Irishman to appear in his exhibitions on all fours in the lion's cage, wrapped in the dead beast's skin.

This plan worked well enough for a while, and the public was fooled. One night, however, it became necessary, in the course of one performance, for the lion to enter the tiger's cage. Pat pleaded strenuously behind the scenes against being sent into the other man-eater's presence; but his employer was unyielding, assuring him repeatedly that the tiger was harmless.

Though wellnigh dead with fear, Pat, after long and vigorous persuasion, at last crawled into the tiger's cage. No sooner was he in the cage than he lost what little courage he had left, and lay down, calling in a hoarse whisper, "Please don't bite me; I ain't no lion; I'm an Irishman."

The tiger appeared thoroughly disgusted, and in a moment growled back, "Shut up, you fool, so am I!"

A YOUNG lady from a rural district, who was something of a belle in backwoods society, and used to having considerable homage paid to her, especially by neighbors of the opposite sex, boarded a railway train for the first time not long ago. After she had secured a seat, removed her wraps, adjusted her baggage, and smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress, she called the attention of a passing brakeman and demurely said:

"You may tell the conductor I'm ready, please."

A YOUNG man in Boston whose failing is a desire to be thought a descendant of one of "the old families," takes particular pride in a certain "heirloom"—a continental uniform, complete in every detail, with flint-lock and powder horn. He was showing this to a young lady the other day.

"My great-grandfather wore this suit when he gave his life to his country during the brave days of the Revolution!" he said.

The young lady inspected the uniform carefully, but could find neither bullet hole nor sabre cut. She turned to him with a charming smile. "Oh! Was the poor old gentleman drowned?" she asked.

A WELL-KNOWN sculptor tells the following story:

"Whenever I see a toothpick I think of a dinner that was given in Rome in honor of two Turkish noblemen."

"I sat beside the younger of the noblemen. He glittered with gold embroidery and great diamonds, but, nevertheless, I pitied him sincerely, for he was strange to our table manners, and some of his errors were ludicrous and painful."

"Toward the dinner's end a servant extended to the young man a plate of toothpicks. He waved the plate away, saying in a low and bitter voice:

"No thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more."

A WELL-KNOWN easterner likes nothing better than to hunt "big game" in British Columbia. During his last expedition to that region he was in camp with a western friend. Toward morning, says the easterner, he awoke shivering with cold. The fire was very low. His companion was fast asleep.

It isn't nice to get out of a warm blanket to roll frosty logs to the fire, so the wily man from the east gave his friend a kick and then pretended to be asleep. There was no response, and presently he tried another kick.

At this the Westerner broke into a laugh. "I did the same thing to you twenty minutes ago," he explained, "and that's how you came to be awake."

Then, of course, both turned out to build a fire.

A YOUNG newsboy had brought suit against another newsboy who had tried to capture his corner of the street. The paper sent a lawyer to defend its representative, while the youngster had to present his case himself. He had been watching the progress of several cases before his was called, and as soon as the justice said: "Jones vs. Smith," he jumped up and yelled: "I object!"

"State your objection," commanded the justice.

"Well, he's got a lawyer, and I haven't, and that's not fair," he answered.

"Don't you think you and I can take care of them, young man?" inquired the justice.

"Oh, well, if the court's on my side, I'm ready," instantly replied the youngster, and the case proceeded.

IN Dean Ramsay's book of anecdotes there is one which refers to a conversation between a Scotch minister and a sexton. The minister was a stranger to the grave-maker, and discussed with him the doctrines of the neighboring clergy. As one after another was mentioned, the sexton wagged his head gloomily, and said, "He's no sound."

At last the minister—who was, by the bye, a long-winded and rather empty preacher—mentioned his own name, and inquired: "Mr. — now, isn't he sound?"

"Oo, aye," said the sexton, with a twinkle in his eye. "He's aw sound!"

A WELL-KNOWN bishop was travelling through France last summer, and in the course of his pilgrimage visited one of the famous old palaces. In one apartment the decorations were especially beautiful, being decked out largely in gold.

"How would this suit you as a home, bishop?" asked one of his travelling companions.

"I'm afraid it would seem too much like living in gilty splendor," was the reply.

IN analyzing the secret of King Edward's popularity among his subjects, a French writer recalls a story which is worth retelling. He relates how, when his Majesty was driving along a country road in Scotland one day, he came upon an old market-woman struggling under a load which was more than she could manage.

"You might take part of this in your carriage," cried the old woman to the King, whom she did not recognize.

"Alas, my good woman," replied his Majesty, "I'm very sorry, but I'm not going the same way. However, let me give you the portrait of my mother."

"A lot of good that'll do me," was the reply.

"Take it all the same," said the King, smiling, and he put a sovereign, bearing Queen Victoria's effigy, in the palm of the astonished old peasant.

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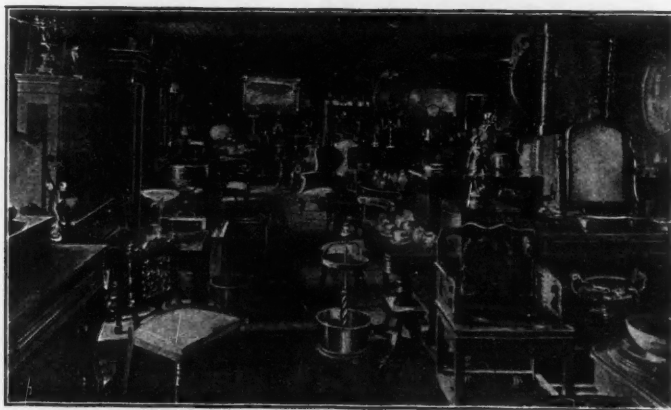
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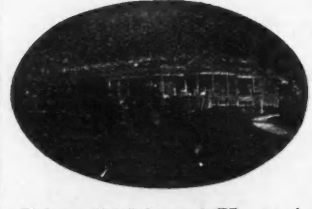
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"I notice that you writers use a great deal of tobacco. Does it stimulate your brains?" "I don't know. But it makes you forget that you're hungry."—Cleveland Leader.

Rainbow Trout and their Habitat
P. E. Bucke in Rod and Gun

THE Capilano river is the stream supplying the city of Vancouver with its beautiful sparkling water. The river itself empties into Burrard Inlet on the north side of Vancouver harbor. It has its source away up in the Cascade mountains, five thousand feet above the sea level. In the higher levels and rifts of these mountains the snow remains in sight until well on in August, and no doubt in many of the ravines ice and snow is perpetual.

The city water is brought in pipes along the bank of the river and under Burrard Inlet Narrows, which here are one hundred and fifty feet deep, affording a fine passage for ocean going vessels in and out of the harbor. The water is taken up to high ground in Stanley Park where two reservoirs have been excavated and cemented. One reservoir has a capacity of five million and the other of ten million gallons of water. The Capilano dam from which the water is taken is nine miles up the stream and has an elevation of eight hundred feet.

In July, 1886, a bush fire spread right into Vancouver and burned down every house but one in the place. This disaster enforced the necessity of a water system for the protection of life and property. Even at present the residential portions of Vancouver are built almost entirely of wood and a water system as a protection against fire was recognized as of extreme importance to the city.

Three streams were available for the water supply—the Seymore, the Lynn and the Capilano. After most careful surveys it was found that the latter afforded the best facilities. All three streams are famous for the fishing they afford both at their outlets and for some distance up. At certain seasons the silver or sea trout are quite numerous. There are also brook trout and rainbow trout, the latter being found in the water running through the dark and gloomy canyons.

From North Vancouver to fishing points on the Capilano it is a lovely bicycle ride. The road skirts along the Inlet to the Siwash Indian village where there is a Roman Catholic church with a life sized figure of the crucifixion outside. The Siwash is an intelligent fisherman with net or spear and is much employed in the salmon catch. The men also shape and hollow out canoes from the immense timber trees. Their war canoes require from ten to fifteen men on each side in order to paddle them. The Clutch (squaws) make fine basket work, so beautifully constructed that many will hold water without leaking. It is probable however that in a generation or two both these industries will be lost arts, as the boats and baskets can be made better and quicker by the whites, and in as useful a form as those fashioned slowly and laboriously by the Siwashes.

After passing the village and turning to the right, a mile and a half further on brings one to the Capilano, some two miles from its mouth. The first place of interest in the suspension bridge across the lower end of the canyon. Going up the bank half a mile further the deep gorge appears in all its gloom. Climbing to the edge and looking over always made me giddy. The canyon must be from five to seven hundred and fifty feet deep, and one hundred and fifty feet wide, both sides being equally precipitous. Between these high rocks the river pearls along with more or less rapid current. At the upper end of the canyon there is a little side path down which, by the aid of shrubs and roots, the wary fisherman finds his way to the bed of the river. It is in these dark and gloomy gorges, where the sunlight seldom penetrates that the rainbow trout has his home.

This trout is a very gentlemanly fish. No coercion will induce him to do what he doesn't consider the right thing. At times you may see them sailing around in the clear pellucid stream and no whipping of the water with a fly—though you change them to every size or hue that nature or ingenuity ever devised—will cause them to rise. On such occasions the rainbow trout are as deaf to your codd as were the spirits to the prophets of Baal.

One afternoon in this dark and lonely dell I secured three fish, the combined weight of which was slightly over thirty-one and a half pounds. To kill one of these fish with a medium sized fly rod and light tackle takes about one hour's time, and the angler, be he ever so proficient in his fishing, has all his work cut out for him from the time of the bite to the landing. No words can describe the excitement and pleasure experienced between the time when the fish takes the hook and landing him safely on

the bank. It is a battle royal all the time and as the minutes go by and the struggle continues at its height you feel a growing respect for your opponent. In addition to the three rainbow trout I also took on the occasion named seven sea trout weighing from three-quarters to two pounds each.

I knew one man who paid occasional visits to the Seymore Canyon for three successive years. He broke many rods, lost numerous trolls and lines, had hooks stripped off phantom minnows, and the last time I saw him he had not landed a single fish!

The Capilano Canyon is wild and weird enough but it cannot compare with the one in the Seymore into which the light of day seldom penetrates. While I was out at the coast two young fellows went off there to fish, and only one returned. He visited the magistrate and told him how he and his companion were making their way along the top edge of the canyon when his friend's hat blew off. The owner made an effort to grasp it, lost his footing and fell over the cliff. The young man was promptly arrested for murder and held in custody while a search party went out to investigate. After searching for two days they returned having failed to discover a trace of the lost youth. It was then decided to take the survivor to the place and this was done. He guided them to the spot where the tragedy occurred and one man was lowered by means of a rope. After some time the mangled body was found caught in some brushwood nearly one hundred feet below.

The electric cars which last year were inaugurated in North Vancouver will probably be extended as far as the canyon this season. If so, some delightful holidays can be spent by the people of Vancouver and their visitors. All they will need to do will be to take the ferry across the Inlet and the car to this point of interest.


A comfortable hotel has been erected at the Capilano dam and some good fishing may be had in the pool below, into which the water falls after passing the obstruction.

On a Friend's Fiftieth Birthday.
Old? What, grow old? What's fifty years, I ask?
Hair turning gray? A wrinkle round the eyes?
A certain look of being extra-wise?
A liking for the sun in which to bask?
A fondness for the comfort of the flask?
Do longings for a vanished past arise?
Do molehills seem like mountains in disguise?
Is early rising now a dreaded task?

Oh pshaw! That's purely physical!
The Heart—
That is to say the Spirit—is all right.
Just in the jocund prime of Life thou art
With thirty, forty goodly years in sight.
And may the skies above thee still be bright,
The genial gods their grace to thee impart!
—Nathan Haskell Dole in Life.

Mrs. Nuritch—I want to get a pair of swell white gloves to wear to a ball.
Clerk—Yes'm. How long do you want them?
"See here, young man, I ain't talking about rentin' 'em. I want to buy 'em."—The Home Magazine.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?" "No mama. I ast Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it fer candy, an' he gave me permission."—Denver News.



Vicar: "I hear you have formed a reprehensible habit of walking out with young women; not one young woman only, but many."
Curate: "Well, sir, there's safety in numbers."
Vicar: "Perhaps, but I think you had better find your safety in Exodus."—The Bystander.

Early Struggles of a Great Singer.

FEODOR CHALIAPINE, the Russian basso, who is to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next winter, attained his present position as an artist only after trying many other ways of earning a livelihood. Tracing his history from his birth in Kasan, where he learned to read and write and was apprenticed at an early age to a shoemaker, Musical America quotes him as saying:

"At sixteen I was employed in a shop in Kasan, at the corner of the Grand Palace. Opposite was a baker's shop, where I used to go for bread every day. Down in the oven of that shop worked Maxim Gorky, naked to the waist. He had not begun to write then.

"Later, being tired of Kasan, I obtained a situation as a forwarding clerk in the service of the Ural Railway Company, at the station of Oufa. Not far from me a man was engaged in testing wagon wheels and shunting operations—that was Gorky. We were still ignorant of each other's existence.

"I changed my occupation once more and on the banks of the Volga worked at loading melons on a cargo boat. We stood on the quay and gangway, ten or twelve in a row, and another until they reached the hold.

"Sometimes one of the melons would fall into the water and then the air was filled with insults and menaces. All this for 17 cents a day—and that was my life for ten years.

"But I was fond of the theatre and every now and then I would throw up my job and join some company of strolling players.

"I was in turn comedian, singer in operetta, street vender, handy man at the theatre at Tiflis, porter, chorister at Kasan, and eventually I was introduced to Prof. Oussotof of Tiflis, who gave me my first real lessons. These led to such results that I was engaged as basso at the opera in St. Petersburg.

"One evening, when I had entered my dressing room after the performance, some one knocked at the door. When I opened it there was a stranger before me.

"I am Maxim Gorky," he said, "I know all about you—we are brothers."

"And we became great friends."

Like a good many of his compatriots, Chaliapine has been in prison.

"It was," he explains, without any emotion, "the result of a judicial error. I was in Moscow when the disorders broke out. They knew I was a friend of Gorky and I did not conceal my sympathy for those of my unfortunate countrymen who demanded a better regime. But I did not mount the barricade and I certainly was innocent of complicity in any plot whatever."

NIAGARA FALLS ILLUMINATED.

For the balance of this month Niagara Falls will be illuminated by countless powerful electric searchlights, estimated at over 1,000,000 candle power. It is a beautiful sight to watch the great cataract, upon which the searchlights throw a series of changing colors. It would make a delightful week end trip. Take advantage of the low rates Saturday to Monday fares issued by the Grand Trunk Railway, and don't miss this magnificent spectacle. The round trip rate to Niagara Falls is only \$2.55, good going Saturday and returning on or before Monday.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but an upper-cut is also effective.—Puck.

"Your wife needs exercise; she sits still too much." "I'll get her a silk skirt." "How will that help?" "She'll keep moving so as to make it rustle."—Houston Post.

He—Are you good at conundrums?
She—Yes. He—Well, here is one: If I were to propose to you, what would you say?—Illustrated Bits.

Those whom "the gods" love dye frequently.—The Gadfly.

YOU can depend on the rich, pure quality of Stewart's Chocolates.

They never vary in the peculiar deliciousness—the fine flavour—which have made them so popular with particular people.

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Sturdy, Solid, Sensible.

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All Grocers—13c. a carton, 2 for 25c.

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Deer, Moose, Bear, Partridge, Duck

The Canada Northern Ontario opens up a new country, the best hunting on the Continent. Beside Muskoka Lake, Georgian Bay, innumerable waterways north of Parry Sound, including the Shawanaga, Magnetawan and Still Rivers, hitherto almost inaccessible. More deer come out of this section than from the rest of Canada. Partridge, Duck and small game in abundance.

Reduced Rates.—Costs no more to go where game abounds than where it has been hunted out.

Write C. Price Green, Passenger Agent, Toronto, for "Big Game Hunting," illustrated with best maps.

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"Old Tom" "London Dry" "Plymouth"

Ask for a **"GILBEY DRY MARTINI"**—Gin Rickey

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"Home of the Most Beautiful"

A Lot of Style
In These Hats at \$5.00

It's a mistake to suppose that you've got to spend \$15 to \$25 for a hat in order to secure something "fit to wear." We have, of course, lovely French models at these prices, but many ladies think there is more real artistic beauty in the carefully made hats which we make a specialty of for the modest sum of Five Dollars. If you live out-of-town a postal card will bring you some cuts of them with full description.

McKendry's, Limited
226 and 228 Yonge St., Toronto

HAND BAGS
FOR THE FALL

Styles for this season are very dainty, and never in the history of leather goods making have such pretty leathers been shown. It would be well for you to see what we make, and get some idea for a bag for a present during the holiday season.

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Department of Railways and
Canals, Canada

TRENT CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to Alex. J. Grant, Superintendent Engineer, Trent Canal, Peterborough, and endorsed "Tender for Dam," will be received at his office until 10 o'clock on Friday, the 20th September, 1907, for the building of a concrete dam at Babcockton, Ont.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen on an after this date at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the office of the Superintendent Engineer, Trent Canal, Peterborough, Ont., at which places forms of tender may be obtained.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
By order,
L. K. JONES, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 5th September, 1907.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

Social and Personal

THE engagement of Miss Bernice Maclure, youngest daughter of J. C. Maclure, of Vancouver, B.C., and Mr. Herbert Patterson, second son of Mr. R. L. Patterson of "Fernwood," Todmorden, is announced.

An event that has caused much enthusiasm among the fair sex has been the tennis tournaments at Niagara and the one in progress at the Toronto club. Each day finds the spectators' benches well filled, enjoying splendid games. Saturday afternoon of this week will bring together the best men and ladies in the country in the final struggle for the Ontario championships.

Mrs. R. A. Carter, of Montreal, and Mrs. Gordon Duncan, of Brantford, are the guests of their aunt Mrs. Robert Lovell, Spadina road.

Mrs. Whyte Fraser, of Victoria, B.C., is at 50 St. George street. Mrs. Ross, St. George street, has returned from Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson have returned from the seaside. Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord and Miss Alexander are home from Prout's Neck. Mr. and Mrs. D. Espard will spend this winter with Mrs. Charles Fuller in Rosedale.

Miss Ethel Shepherd, who has spent the summer in London and Paris, with a good deal of rest and a little earnest study, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Francis is still at her Island place, Dulce Domun, but will return shortly to her apartment at the Alexandra.

Mrs. Carroll, wife of Dr. D. W. Carroll, of Ingersoll, is the guest of Mrs. Richardson, 493 Broadview avenue.

Mr. Philip H. Drayton has received the appointment of official referee and arbitrator, succeeding the late Mr. J. A. Proctor. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton have returned from their summer vacation abroad.

A team of lady golfers from Cobourg were in town on Wednesday, playing at the Lambton Golf Club.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Rowe, of London, Eng., who have been visiting friends in Toronto this week, left on Wednesday night for a trip to New Mexico. Mr. Rowe, who is a member of the London County Council, is much interested in Canada, and has just completed a trip through the wheat districts of the western provinces.

The various summer hotels are closing and the guests returning to town this week. Quite a number of people who usually spend their summers abroad or at some seaside place, are confessing to having spent a delightful and restful season, right here, in little old Toronto.

A run to Detroit by motor is being planned by a couple of lucky folk, who own a splendid car. This week's rainfall delays the project.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Aurora, a very pretty wedding was solemnized on August 28, when Miss Edna May Daville, only daughter of Sheriff and Mrs. Daville, and Wilmer Bertrand Thomas Amy, D.D.S., 190 Avenue road, Toronto, son of Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Amy, Bimbrooke, were married. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock, in the conservatory, by the father of the groom, only the immediate families of the contracting parties being present. The dining-room and table decorations were of sweet peas, while the remainder of the house was profuse with golden glow and maple and oak leaves. During the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Amy left for a short tour of American cities.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Atkinson are at present on a trip to Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and the Coast, and will be away about five weeks.

St. George's church, Clarksburg, Ont., was the scene of a very interesting event on Tuesday morning of last week, when the marriage of Miss Anna Brown Marsh, formerly of St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, and daughter of the late W. J. Marsh, of Clarksburg, to Mr. William Fletcher Bredin, M.P.P. of Lesser Slave Lake, Athabasca, was solemnized. The chancel of the church was banked with palms, ferns and the season's daintiest white flowers, while the pews reserved for the guests were picturesquely denoted by sheaves of

golden-glow slipped through with satin bows. To the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march the bride entered leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. C. W. Hartman. The gown worn upon this occasion was of exquisite hand embroidered linen, with tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of sweet peas and maiden-hair fern. Her only appointment was an ivory prayer book the satin markers of which were twined with white sweet peas. Miss Fiddler, of Toronto, was bridesmaid. Little Etanda Marsh and Master Henry Marsh, niece and nephew of the bride, acted in the capacity of flower girl and page. The groom was supported by Mr. Thos. R. Blachford, while the ushers were Messrs. Chas. Evans Lewis, J. Harold Hartman, Reginald B. Evans and Howard Blachford, all of Toronto. The service was conducted by the Rev. C. H. Marsh, of Lindsay, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. E. Appleyard, B.A., rector of the parish, and the Rev. Horace Mussen, M.A., of Collingwood. Mr. and Mrs. Bredin will spend the winter in Calgary.

"To What Base Uses"

"Mrs. Oelrichs now takes her daily dip at five in the afternoon, instead of at ten in the morning."—News Item.

This is the forest primeval.

This is the spruce with the glorious plumage
That grew in the forest primeval.

This is the lumberman, big and browned
Who felled the spruce tree to the ground
That grew in the forest primeval.

This is the man with the paper mill
Who bought the pulp that paid the bill
Of the husky lumberjack who chopped
The lofty spruce and its branches lopped
That grew in the forest primeval.

This is the publisher, bland and rich
Who bought the roll of paper which
Was made by the man with the paper mill
Who purchased the pulp that paid the bill
Of the lumberjack with the murderous axe
Who felled the spruce with lusty hacks
That grew in the forest primeval.

This is the youth with the writing tool
Who does the daily Newport drool
That helps to make the publisher rich
Who ordered the stock of paper which
Was made by the man with the paper mill
Who bought the pulp that paid the bill
Of the husky Swede in the Joseph's coat
Who swung his axe and the tall spruce smote
That grew in the forest primeval.

This is the lady, far from slim,
Who changed the time of her daily swim
And excited the youth with the writing tool
Who does the Newport drivell and drool
For the prosperous publisher, bland and fat,
Who ordered the virgin paper that
Was made by the man with the paper mill
Who bought the pulp that paid the bill
Of Ole Oleson, the husky Swede,
Who did a foul and darksome deed
When he swung his axe with vigor and vim,
And smote the spruce tree, tall and trim,
That grew in the forest primeval.

This is the shopgirl, Sadie or Liz,
Who daily devours what "news" there is
Concerning the lady far from slim
Who changed the time of her ocean swim,
Exciting the youth with the writing tool
Who does the daily Newport drool
For the pearly publisher, bland and rich,
Who bought the innocent paper which
Was made by the man with the paper mill
Who purchased the pulp that paid the bill
Of the Swedish jack who chopped the spruce
That came to a most ignoble use—
The lofty spruce with the glorious plumage,
The giant spruce that used to loom
In the heart of the forest primeval.

—Puck.

The Knell of Conversation.

IT is reported that the blight of bridge has fallen on Paris, and the beau monde is reduced to the American pastime of sitting silently around a table, with preoccupied air and eyes glued on a hand of cards. The talk-killing game has forced its way into the rauenbourg St. Germain, and the chatter of the elite no longer enlivens the boulevard fashion centers. The bridge mania has subdued the gay Gallic temperament to silence and cold calculation.

Paris is much to be pitied. Perhaps it is even more to be pitied than the United States, for Americans have never excelled in the fine art of conversation, and therefore have not lost so much in capitulating to the card mania. But the French, and especially the Parisians, have for centuries been the finest talkers in the world. With them oral communication has not been a perfunctory exercise, as in England and America, but an art cultivated for its own sake. In Paris, a good address, a ready wit and a fluent tongue have always been the open sesame to the salons of the great. Men of genius have spent their talents in mutual exchange of ideas, and in the spontaneous entertainment of social circles, even more than they have salted and packed away their mental product between the covers of books. Even yet a witty remark, a clever jest or a new epigram will travel the rounds of the salon, ateliers and cafes.

The French people probably have a natural advantage of the rest of the world, in language as well as temperament, for conversational purposes. The French tongue is so fluent, so musical, so subtle in suggestion, so rich in variety of phraseology that it lends itself perfectly to the easy exchange of thought. And when it is spoken with the grace and charm of the typical boulevardier or the facile Parisienne, the expression becomes the perfect embodiment of the idea. Words, utterance, intonation, facial setting and bodily emphasis all combine to make the clever Frenchman a fine talker.

But now, it seems, the conversational paragon is to sing to the uninteresting level of the rest of us. He will not talk except when spoken to or when something really important clamors for utterance, and then, perhaps, he will merely grunt an assent or jerk out a curt phrase, like a city editor giving orders through the telephone or a broker telling his agent to sell quick. Social intercourse will lose its ease and beauty and its variety of expression, and ideas will no longer be current coin. Eventually men and women may have as little to say to each other when they meet as they have now in America. The Americans, as a rule, can do just two things well—play cards and "josh." The Parisians, lacking the "joshing" spirit, will be reduced to the barren extremity of simply playing bridge.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Several school teachers were recently discussing the amusing and diversified ambitions of the tots in their charge as to what they hope to be when they "grow up." A teacher told of one little girl who in all sincerity gave her a reply that was not likely to make her vain.

"Would you like to teach children when you become a young lady?" was the question.

"No'm," was the emphatic reply.

"What would you like to do?" persisted the teacher.

"If I am pretty I'll be an actress," came the answer.

"But suppose you are homely," asked the teacher.

"Well, then, of course, I'll have to be a teacher," said the child.—Modern Society.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

SUTHERLAND—At Meaford, Ontario, on Monday, Sept. 9, 1907, the wife of Charles T. Sutherland, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, barrister-at-law, of a son.

STEVENS—At Halifax, N. S., Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stevens, a daughter.

LEISHMAN—At Toronto, Sept. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Leishman, a daughter.

ROBERTSON—At Hamilton, Sept. 3, to Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Robertson, a daughter.

RYAN—At Barrie, Sept. 5, to Mr.

LABATT'S SALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

THE ONE OPPORTUNITY
OF A LIFETIME

Once in a lifetime "OPPORTUNITY" knocks at the door of every human being, and if not at once grasped, passes on. Some, with commendable foresight, open the door and seize that opportunity to their future advancement and delight; others carelessly, thoughtlessly, or indifferently, allow it to pass by, and it becomes a life-long regret.

Business Systems Commercial School, strictly the first school, decidedly the ONLY school giving a complete course of Modern Loose Leaf Accounting, now opens the "Door of Opportunity" to you. Loose Leaf Accounting is the system of to-day, and from present prospects will be the system of the future. Every young man, every young woman of business should, therefore, have a thorough knowledge of it.

Business Systems Commercial School has outlined a superior course in both Business and Shorthand Departments. We want this fact to become known. Newspaper advertising, while good in its place, is not the only kind. We want to send out within a year a large number of working and talking advertisements in the person of graduates whose success during their course, and in their subsequent positions, will commend this school to their brother, their sisters, their relatives and friends.

OUR PROPOSITION:

1. Our new rooms in the new Systems Building we can at once accommodate two hundred energetic, ambitious students. Ours is a new school; we know it. We are human beings and know how suspicious new things are looked upon until they have been tested. Our testing time has come. We do not fear results. We will meet you half way. To the next two hundred who register we will give a bonus, as follows:—

To those who register for six months, day classes, paying fees in full therefor, according to our regular schedule, we will give as a bonus three months' tuition extra, or nine months in all. To those who register for three months, day classes, paying fees therefor, we will give one month's tuition extra, or four months in all.

If you would be one of the two hundred start now.

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Vacation Hints

Accidents are liable to happen to your glasses at any time. Before leaving for your vacation better let us fit up an extra pair in case of emergency.

A good pair of field glasses will add greatly to your pleasure. We have them from \$4.00 to \$75.00.

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and Mrs. Hugh A. Ryan, a daughter.

McKINNON—At Toronto, Sept. 7, to Dr. and Mrs. M. A. McKinnon, of St. Williams, a daughter.

GIBSON—At 125 Spadina road, Toronto, Friday, Sept. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gibson, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CRICHTON-TAGGART—On Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1907, at 62 Oak street, Toronto, by Rev. R. Herbison, M. A., assisted by Dr. Turnbull, Francis J. Taggart to Robert A. Crichton, of Toronto.

WATSON-GRIFFITH—At Minneapolis, on Sept. 7, Agnes Griffith, to Harry Jackson Watson, M.D., Winnipeg, Man.

SMART-SCOTT—At Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 7, Dalglish May Scott, to Frank Gordon Smart.

HONEYWELL-YOUNG—At Westboro, Sept. 4, Annie A. Young, to Albert E. Honeywell.

DAVIS-RAMSEY—At Toronto, Sept. 4, Audrey M. Ramsey, to Andrew J. Davis.

BREDIN-MARSH—At Clarksburg, Ont., Sept. 3, W. Fletcher Bredin, M.P.P., of Peace River, Alta, to Anna Brown Marsh.

MCLEAN-SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, Sept. 5, Ida Helen Sutherland, to Howard Wesley McLean, of Calgary, Alta.

WRIGHT-POWELL—At Toronto, Sept. 3, Walter Faraday Wright, of Schenectady, N. Y., to May Rosalind Powell.

REEVE-GRINDLAY—At Toronto, Aug. 28, Rt. Rev. Wm. Day Reeve, D.D., Lord Bishop of Mackenzie River, to Alice Mary Grindlay.

SCOTT-DAVIS—At Toronto, Sept.

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11, Ernest H. Davis, to Clara May Scott.

DEATHS.

MICKLEBOROUGH—At St. Thomas, Sept. 3, 1907, Agnes Graham, wife of William Mickleborough.

BRUCE—At Walkerton, Aug. 26, Mrs. John Bruce.

BUTLER—At Toronto, Sept. 6, John H. Butler, in his 41st year.

BUTLER—At Toronto, Sept. 6, Beatrice Kathleen Butler, (daughter of above) aged 2 years.

CORLEY—At Toronto, Sept. 8, Alexander Seymour, only son of Seymour and Clara L. Corley, aged 4 years and 11 months.

BIGGS—At Toronto, Sept. 11, Stanley Clarke, son of Hon. S. C. Biggs, K.C.

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Society at the Capital

WITH the commencement of the capital's social season, and the return from their summer outings of its prominent hostesses and their families, comes the announcement that during the early part of November the drill hall will be the scene of a large fete which has been inaugurated in aid of the proposed tuberculosis hospital. The fact that Lady Sybil Grey is undertaking the management of the proposed bazaar is ample guarantee of its assured success. So far the arrangements are simply in embryo, but among the gentlemen connected with the management are Mr. D. M. Finnie, manager of the Bank of Ottawa; Lt.-Col. J. Lyons Biggar, Mr. Berkeley Powell, Mr. J. W. Woods, Lt.-Col. W. E. Hodgins, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mr. Clive Pringle and Mr. Leslie Macoun. The latter is the honorary secretary, and all are known to be specially energetic in affairs of this nature. The various committees have been quietly getting things into shape, and the production of some unique and novel features will be the result of their labors. One of the most interesting will be the immense cyclorama picture, "The Streets of Paris," which was specially painted for Mrs. Potter Palmer's fete in Chicago last December, at a cost of \$8,000, and which has since been most successfully exhibited in various cities in the United States. It is intended by the managers of the Ottawa fete to place in the drill hall a characteristic scene from the attractive French capital, representing buildings and residences, and at the intersection of the different streets representative booths will be erected, the management of each booth to be assigned to the care of one of a committee composed of the capital's most energetic society ladies. At present as most of the ladies interested have not been "gettable" on account of their being out of town for the hot months, the arrangements of the latter have not been completed, but within the next few weeks it is expected much headway will be made in the adjustment of the various branches.

In addition to this perspective entertainment great interest is being revived in His Excellency's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition, and the presidents of the various committees, who last year aided Col. Hanbury Williams in making the week set apart for the competition such a complete success, are again getting matters in train for a second series of events to come off this winter.

Two interesting weddings for the present month are also taking up a great deal of the time and attention of Ottawa's four hundred, both the brides being two of the capital's most popular girls. On Wednesday, the 11th inst., the marriage of Miss Laura Howland Toller, second daughter of Lt.-Col. F. Toller, of the Finance Department, and Mrs. Toller, to Mr. F. H. Markey, K.C., of the law firm of Smith, Markey and Montgomery, of Montreal, will take place at All Saint's church. Miss Toller's bridesmaids will be Miss Jean Fielding, Miss Gwendolyn Burn, Miss Minnie McMurrich, of Toronto, and Miss Gordon, of Kingston. Mr. Philip Toller, of Toronto; Mr. Claude Hickson and Mr. Gordon Lewis, of Montreal, will do duty as ushers, while Mr. Montgomery, of Montreal, will be best man. Mr. Willie Toller of the Imperial Bank, Quebec, and Mr. Guy Toller, of Winnipeg, brothers of the bride-elect, are in town for the happy event.

Miss Gwendolyn Burn gave a charming little luncheon on Monday at the Golf Club in honor of Miss Toller, to which several of her more intimate friends were invited.

On Wednesday, the 18th, Grace church will be the scene of the marriage of Miss Gladys Irwin, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. de la Chertier Irwin, of Cooper street, to Capt. Allan Palmer, R.C.A., of Kingston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Zouch Palmer, of Cooper street. Miss Louie Gemmill, Miss Isobel White, Miss Elsie Cotton, Miss Ethel Palmer and Miss Jessie Hamilton, of Quebec, as bridesmaids, will make a charming quintette.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Sept. 9, 1907.

If dreams came true there would be a great reform in diet.—Life.

The Little Beggar Boy

By SVIATOZAR CHAROVICH

OFTEN saw him passing the market-place, pale, weary and ragged. It was pitiful to look at him. He never begged—he simply stopped before you and stretched out his little hand with such a sad look in his eyes that even if you had a heart of stone you could not pass him without giving him something.

His name was Mirko.

But let me tell you the story:

It was a cold, winter day. The wind whistled obstinately, lifting whole clouds of dust from the ground and, after carrying them up high enough, scattered them on all sides. Here it tore off a board from a roof; there it tore off the whole straw-roof from some poor hut and broke in the windows.

The square was almost deserted; all the people who had something to do there had hidden away in the stores and stalls where they warmed themselves, drank their coffee and spoke of the news of the day.

And poor Mirko pressed close to the corner of one of the stores and blew upon his finger-tips, trying to warm them a little with his warm breath. He wore a long jacket, and this, and especially the sleeves, was full of holes through which the wadding was falling out. The knees of his richly patched trousers were so worn that the naked flesh of the boy looked through. Shoes he had none, and he stamped his feet to get them warmed.

Seeing Simo, the baker, who was passing with a basket full of bread, he came out of the corner and stood in the street so that Simo could notice him.

"What are you doing here, you whelp?" Simo shouted at him.

"I stand."

"Well, then you may stand if you want to!"

And the baker passed on, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Fresh bread!"

Though Mirko could smell the hot bread and was very hungry, he did not run after him to beg for some, but returned to his corner and continued to blow upon his fingers and to jump from foot to foot.

"What are you doing here?" a bigger boy, an apprentice from nearby shop, asked him.

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go in and get warm?"

"And where shall I go?"

And the boy passed on.

A short time afterwards, a gentleman passed. He was richly dressed, like a pasha, and strutted as proudly as if he owned a good half of the globe. Suddenly he saw Mirko and stopped.

"Whose boy are you?"

"A Servian," replied Mirko, and looked at him with his sad, dark eyes.

"What is your name?"

"Mirko."

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

The gentleman took pity on him, pulled out his purse and gave him a small coin.

"Here, take it and buy bread."

Mirko's eyes lighted up when he felt the money in his hand.

"Thank you," he shouted after him.

"And do you know who he is?" a stall-keeper who had come out in time to see what happened asked him.

"How should I know?"

"It is Bashitz, the one who murdered three Servians. Trust me, I know him well!"

Mirko grew rigid.

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly I am!"

A moment Mirko stood and looked thoughtfully at the coin. Suddenly he pressed it tightly in his fist and started to run.

"Where are you running?" the stall-keeper shouted after him.

But Mirko did not turn round; he ran like mad, with his whole strength, not allowing himself even to catch his breath; at last he overtook the man.

"Sir," he called.



"Nointy-noine in the sha-ade! By gorry! Do yez believe ut?"
"Oi belave ut would be if there was anny sha-ade."—Life.

"What do you wish?"
"Here is your money!"
"Why, do you not want it?" the man asked, surprised.
"No!"
"Why don't you want it, poor boy?"
"Because I don't, that is all!" And, throwing the coin at the man's feet, he returned to his corner and once more began to blow his fingers and to stand first on one foot, then on the other.—Translated from the Servian, by Lizzie B. Gorin.

Muskoka's Closing Social Season.

THE season just drawing to a close in Muskoka has been, although short, one of the most successful on record, and the only pity is that the tide seems to be flowing the wrong way and people are turning their back on the highlands of Ontario in this their most delightful month, when the woods are just donning their autumnal crimson and gold, and their clear sunny days are succeeded by cool and refreshing nights. A number of visitors from all over the continent are still lingering at the Royal Muskoka, loth to leave that beautiful spot, where the days are fully occupied with boating, bathing, fishing, tennis and golf, and the evenings in the spacious rotunda, where a huge log-fire gives a home-like air, are devoted to bridge by the more sedate and to dancing by the younger people, who thoroughly enjoy the finely kept floor and excellent orchestra, which are always at their disposal.

Mrs. E. J. Lennox, who has been spending some weeks at the Royal with her family, was one of the last Torontonians to leave there, returning to town at the beginning of the week with Mrs. Worts Smart, who is greatly improved in health by her sojourn in Muskoka.

Short—There goes one of my preferred creditors. Long—Why preferred? Short—He never asks me for money.—Chicago Daily News.

First Turtle—Grandma is nearly 400 years old and has lost all her teeth. Second Turtle—Well, then, she has a soft snap.—Life.

Church—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a porous plaster!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—What do you expect to do when I go away to the country, dear? Mr. Crimsonbeak—Talk.—Yonkers Statesman.

One Sexton—Do you have matins at your church?

The Other—No, we have oilcloth.—Harper's Weekly.

Magnate—Every dollar I have was made honestly.

Dyer—By whom?—Life.

Success has turned many a man's head. In fact it's a long head that has no turning.—Puck.

"Do I write for posterity?" repeated Hackett; "I do, sir, Ten of 'em."—Puck.

The true critic is one who can appreciate something he doesn't like.—Life.

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How Children are Educated in Japan

In the Modernized School There Military Instruction is Given and Patriotism is Fostered Unceasingly.

IT has often been declared that it was the German schoolmaster who had won the great victories of Koeniggratz and Sedan and thus established the German Empire. In analyzing the factors and forces that have made Japan so suddenly a great world-power special emphasis is also being laid on the general culture of the people and the rapid spread of the educational system throughout the country. Professor Warneck, of the University of Halle, the leading mission authority in Germany, declares that the schools of Japan have been prime factors in this process of national regeneration. In the *Alte Glaube* of Leipzig, No. 39, Dr. J. Flad, a well known authority on Oriental affairs, and particularly those of Japan, enters into a detailed discussion of this interesting topic, and from this source the following is produced, from a translation made for *The Literary Digest*. After speaking of Japanese imitiveness in other lines, the writer says:

"In the educational department also Japan has not been creative, but eminently successful in imitation of western ideas and their ideals. They have been very apt pupils and know how to adapt what they learn from others to their own wants and circumstances. Japan also thoroughly understands what an all-important factor in its prosperity its educational system is, and for this reason, with the extension of its power and influence on the Asiatic mainland, it also extends its schools.

"Already in 1900 no less than 81.48 per cent. of the children of Japan of a school age actually did attend. In the case of boys it was 90.35 per cent.; and in the case of girls, 71.73. According to latest government reports Japan in 1906 had 27,383 elementary schools, with a teaching corps of 150,301, and 5,514,113 pupils. In addition there were 266 secondary schools of all kinds, with 4,817 teachers and 100,853 pupils, male and female; and, further, 64 normal colleges, with 1,103 professors and an enrolment of 16,373. Technical schools for business, agriculture, forestry, navigation, etc., existed to the number of 1,838, with 13,300 instructors and 110,091 in attendance. In addition there were 92 special high schools for girls and young ladies, with 28,191 pupils. The Japanese Minister of Education had direct supervision over 2 universities, 3 higher normal colleges, 13 higher technical institutions, 1 art school, 1 musical school, and 5 normal lycées with a total enrolment of 19,540. In all, Japan at present possesses 32,619 schools of all grades, with a total teaching corps of 171,097 and an attendance of 5,567,008.

The Christian missions, especially those from England and America, have been a leading factor in the establishment and spread of this vast network of schools. This is openly recognized by the Japanese themselves.

The Japanese authorities are modernizing their methods as rapidly as possible. The Chinese script has disappeared entirely from the modern schools of Japan, although this cumbersome method of writing was exclusively employed there for centuries. In books of a popular nature the more simple system invented by the Japanese is used, but in scientific works the Chinese signs, which are known practically to every educated Japanese, constitute about one-half of the text. In order still further to simplify the system of writing a "Roman-jai Kai," or a "Roman Alphabet Society," has been active in Japan in recent years, the purpose being to introduce the Roman alphabet through-

out the Empire; and rapid progress is being made.

A notable feature of the Japanese school system is the persistent and determined effort to make these schools the means for military education and for the growth of a boundless patriotism. Military exercises of various kinds constitute a fixed part in the curriculum of every school, and the boys are comparatively good soldiers by the time they have finished the common school. When a teacher asks a pupil, "Who is the happiest man on earth?" his answer will be under all circumstances, "The patriotic citizen who draws his sword for the defence of his country." In answer to the question, "Who is the greatest man on earth?" a Japanese boy is taught to say, "Admiral Togo!"

Another sign that the end of the summer is drawing near is the announcement from Scarborough Beach to the effect that the big park will probably close its gates on Saturday, Sept. 21. During its brief season the park has entertained a great many people. The attendance has on some special days reached twenty-five thousand, although in this Scarborough Beach is still behind Dominion Park, Montreal, which has held at one time over forty thousand people. Scarborough Beach, however, has made a good record in its freedom from complaints of boisterousness or ruffianly behavior at the park. There has not been an arrest there, even with the largest crowds. This is probably due to the vigilance of the park guards, a very effective little body of people maintained by the Toronto Park Co., and also to the fact that the admission fee has given the park company the right to keep undesirable characters outside its gates. For the final week of the season Conductor Raven's band is billed to give special concerts, and there will be other features.

Tom: "But perhaps she doesn't love you." Jack: "Oh, yes, she does!" Tom: "How do you know?" Jack: "When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"John, what is this disarmament talk about?" "It is a movement to prevent pretty girls wearing pins in their belts."—*Houston Post*.

A London paper says that an Englishwoman whose hobby is yachting is ambitious of "lifting the cup," which Sir Thomas Lipton has not yet secured.

"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "I used to think that, too, before I had a wife to keep me posted."—*Houston Post*.

Elbert Hubbard gives this advice to poets: "In fixing prices on your product, do not neglect to consider overhead charges."

Returned manuscripts are the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—*Tit-Bits*.

There are but few central suns—the most of us are only satellites.—*Exchange*.



"How did you lose your hair?" "Worry." "What did you worry about?" "About losing my hair."—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Colonial Office and the Empire

Comment by the London Times on the Reorganization of the Department Dealing with British Dominions and Colonies.

AN announcement was made by Lord Elgin in the House of Lords which is of considerable importance as a sequel to the Imperial Conference," says the *London Times*. Continuing, the Thunderer, makes the following comment:

It relates to the promised reorganization of the Colonial Office and the establishment of a Secretariat to the Conference. With regard to the former point, it will be remembered that in the course of the debates Lord Elgin pledged himself to try to separate the departments of the Colonial Office, so that there should be, in his own words, "a distinct division dealing with the affairs of the responsibly governed colonies." This undertaking he appears to have fulfilled.

The Colonial Office, at present divided into four departments, each under an Assistant Secretary of State, is henceforth to be divided into three; and the first of these is to be a "Dominion Department," dealing with the affairs of the self-governing dominions overseas. That will be its exclusive work, though its scope is very rightly stretched to include the protectorates or possessions which are geographically dependent on the great self-governing colonies.

Next is to come the Colonial Department, dealing with the Crown Colonies only; and the Secretary of State can easily be believed when he says that its work will be heavy, for the Crown Colonies naturally provide the great bulk of the business that now passes through the office. In the titles of these two departments we may see the direct fruit of the Conference and of the new Imperialism. It is, surely, of great significance that the term "colonial" should be now officially confined to the Crown Colonies. This is unquestionably due to the assertion in the Conference of a parity of status between the self-governing dominions and the Mother Country; and the new departmental change is as full of meaning, in its way, as that which in the middle of last century severed the colonies from their incongruous association with the War Department.

There is to be a third or "general" department, dealing with legal, financial and other business. In this department, we are told, there are to be standing committees to take a collective view of such matters as contracts and concessions, and also of the question of patronage.

The head of the Dominion Department is to be Mr. Lucas, the Senior Assistant Under-Secretary of State, and he is, as Lord Elgin pointed out, not only a public servant of great experience and high academic distinction, but also possesses an attractive and sympathetic personality. Mr. Just, as Secretary to the Imperial Conference, will naturally also work in connection with the same department.

Lord Elgin paid a generous and very proper tribute to the members of the Colonial Office, which will be heartily endorsed by all who know their work. No slur on them is implied in the least degree by the criticism that the Secretariat (of the Imperial Conference) ought to be dissociated as far as possible from the Colonial Office. No doubt its business will be excellently done by civil servants; no doubt, in the circumstances, it is the easiest method of starting the new machinery. It means a definite step forward; and there is no reason why the Secretariat should not do, as we hope it will do, work of high Imperial importance in collecting and circulating knowledge. But, for all that, a Secretariat to the Conference inside the Colonial

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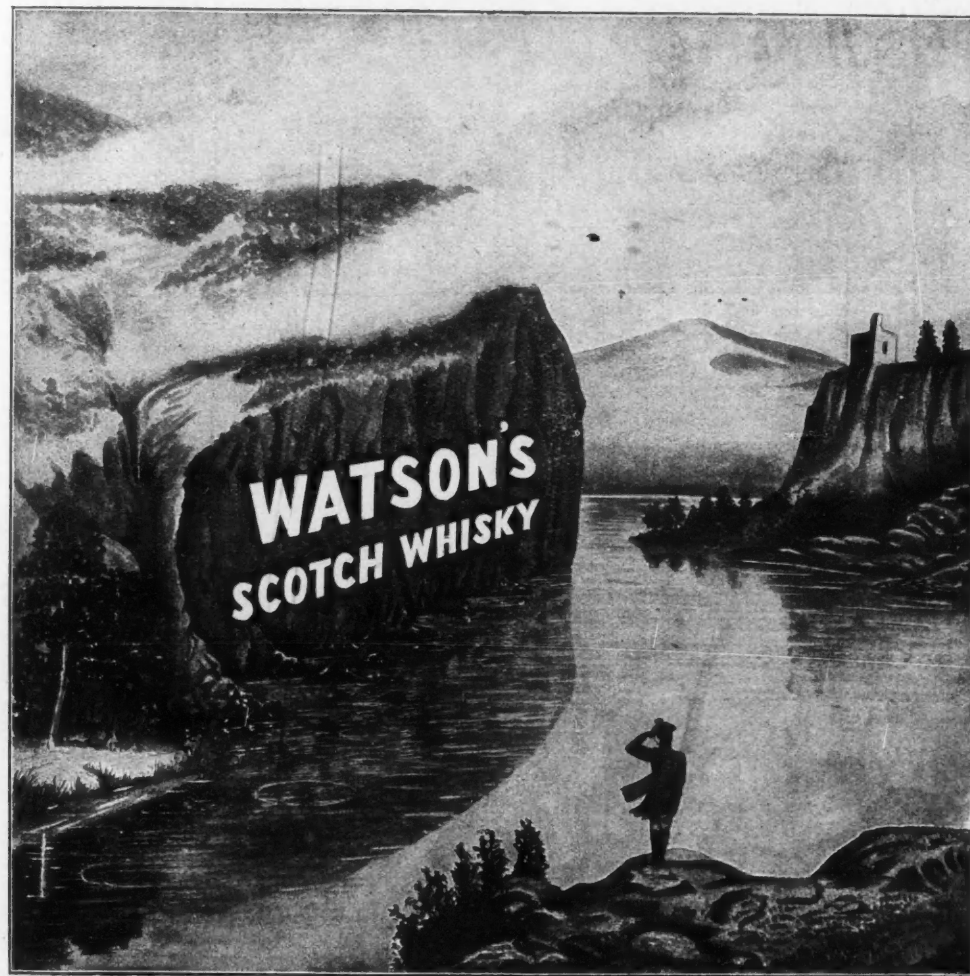
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Office is an anomaly, and can only be a transition to a further stage of development.

It is an anomaly because the Conference has now definitely placed the Imperial States on an equal footing with the home government, and the Secretariat can be ultimately responsible to no one less than the heads of these states, under the chairmanship of the British Prime Minister. It should bear the same relation to the Conference that the clerk of the House of Commons bears to that House.

"A H. I have an impression!" exclaimed the professor, to the mental philosophy class. "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer. "What—no one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place." "Young gentlemen," said the doc-

tor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

"Remarkable phenomenon in our neighborhood this morning." "So?" "Yep. The ice man left hailstones as big as hen's eggs!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Madge—Is that writer really famous? Marjorie—He must be, my dear. I wrote to him for his autograph, and he never sent it.—*Puck*.